

^K
A R L E Y; ✓

OR, THE

FAITHLESS WIFE.

A

N O V E L,

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

L O N D O N.

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A R L E Y.

CHAPTER I.

The DYING INJUNCTION.

“**T**HAT period, Frederick, is now
“ arrived to me which must arrive to all—
“ Death hovers o’er my pillow, and soon
“ will strike the blow that will take me
“ from thee for ever—Yet does he not
“ inspire me with terror—I behold him
“ with composure ; and with gratitude
“ resign my soul to its Creator, for
“ having spared my life so long—for
“ having spared it to see my son every
“ thing a mother’s fondness could wish
“ him—Oh, Frederick, thou hast strewed
VOL. I. B “ with

“ with roses my path to eternity!—ne-
“ ver hast thou given me pain, never
“ hast thou disregarded my advice!
“ —Heaven will bless thee for it—Nor
“ is the blessing *small* that attends a
“ *dutiful child*—Persevere, therefore, my
“ Frederick, in the path of Virtue—If
“ thou desertest not her, she will not
“ desert thee—It is the dying injunction
“ of thy mother and I know thou wilt
“ not forget it.—My pensioners, let
“ them not want—and now let me em-
“ brace thee for the last time—God of
“ his infinite mercy bless—protect my
“ Frederick—my—”

It was the dying injunction of a mother to her only son—She would have added some few words more—her voice failed her—a gentle sigh escaped—She fixed her expressive eyes with ineffable fondness on her weeping Frederick—closed them—and the flame of life that played but languid round the heart was extinguished for ever.

CHAPTER II.

NECESSARY INFORMATION.

FREDERICK ARLEY, whose Memoirs, many, no doubt, will say, I have ventured with more rashness, than prudence to write, was at the death of his mother in his twenty-second year—of a good height—well proportioned—and with a countenance in which there was a certain softness of irresistible effect. His father had died when he was very young, who was originally a merchant in the city, and worth considerably more than a *plumb*.—A failure in some speculative scheme detached him from all commercial pursuits, and he was re-

solved to settle his affairs and retire.—
A compact estate, with a good mansion
on it, being to be sold he bought it
and retired thither—Retirement, how-
ever it pleased him in the theoretical
view, did not agree with him at all in
practice—That and his disappointment
in a favourite scheme brought on a ra-
pid decline which soon put an end to
his existence.

The care of our Hero's education
now fell on his mother—She did not
neglect it—Her whole study was how to
improve and to make him what she
wished—Her endeavours were crowned
with success, and Frederick was, as
has been before said, every thing a mo-
ther, anxious for the welfare of her
son, could have desired.

CHAPTER III.

TRIBUTE *of* GRATITUDE:

THE death of his only surviving parent Frederick felt most sensibly—He had lost not only an indulgent mother, but a most tender friend. Nor was his *alone* the loss—Her virtues were not confined—they were diffused to all—Not a dry eye was seen in the whole village at her death—Every one mourned, because every one had experienced her kindness.

It now remained for him to pay the last tribute of duty and affection to her memory—to attend her remains and de-

posit them in the last mansion of mortality—the grave.

Six old men, who had been her pensioners, intreated earnestly to carry her to the grave—their request was granted—The mournful procession, as the bell tolled twelve, began—The corpse borne on the shoulders of weeping age led the way—Frederick, as chief mourner, followed—An innumerable concourse of people, two and two, walked next and closed the procession—The Minister began the awe-inspiring service of the dead—he stopped in the middle, unable to proceed—raised his eyes to Heaven—dropped a tear on the book, and with a voice often interrupted by sighs went on—When it was finished, Frederick cast a last look on the coffin—every one did the same—The sexton *even* seemed unwilling to hide it from human sight for ever—He paused—leant on his spade—cast a mournful look
into

into the grave, and slowly performed the duties of his office.

He must indeed be a stranger to every sensation of sensibility, who can hear the service of the dead at the awful hour of midnight, without any emotion or melancholy reflections—I hope I have no readers of that description.

But if to a hearer only it be thus affecting, what sensations must it not have occasioned in the bosom of the afflicted Frederick.

In a paroxysm of grief he still wandered about, unknowing where he went and unable to return home. The village clock struck one—At the solemn sound he started, and found himself near the church-yard. He resolved to proceed to his mother's grave and bedew it with his tears again—He was not far from it, when raising his head, he beheld by the feeble light of a lanthorn, an old man kneeling by the side of it—"Thou art

B 4

"gone!

“ gone!—dear revered benefactor, said
“ he in a mournful tone, for ever gone!
“ Thy voice that spoke comfort to the
“ afflicted shall be heard no more!—
“ Thy hand that was wont to relieve the
“ distressed shall never be stretched
“ forth again!—Thou art dead—Yet
“ thy virtues, thy remembrance shall
“ never die—The power of time shall
“ not waste away the memory of them,
“ for they are graven on the hearts of
“ every one—Soon shall he, who now
“ pays thee this humble, poor tribute
“ be no more—worn by age and affliction,
“ soon shall the grave receive him
“ —Yet the sweet hope of again beholding thee in another world, shall
“ render his last moments happy and
“ contented.”

Frederick was deeply affected—his emotions were agonizing—he wept aloud—The old man started—walking up to him, our hero took hold of his hand

hand, and pressed it with affection—
“ Be not alarmed, said he, it is the
“ son of that dear departed woman who
“ now speaks to you—Be comforted—
“ The assistance, my dear mother af-
“ firmed you, her son shall not with-
“ hold—He will endeavour to make
“ you happy, and to render the even-
“ ing of your life comfortable and
“ easy.”

The ould man tried to speak his
thanks, but it was impossible—he could
only weep them—Pained to excess by
the scene he had just beheld, Frederick
pressed the aged mcurner's hand, and
bidding him adieu, returned home with
slow and mournful steps.

CHAPTER IV.

The FAREWELL.

THE death of his mother created a vacuum in the heart of Frederick which nothing could fill—every room—every picture—the trees—the flowers, seemed to remind him of his loss, and to mourn it themselves—He found himself very unwell, and obliged to have recourse to the advice of a physician—His disorder having been brought on by a dejection of spirits; it was the advice of the physician that he should spend the Winter in the metropolis, as partaking of its amusements might alleviate, if not entirely dissipate his grief. This advice,

vice,

vice, though contrary to his inclination, he resolved to pursue. The day before his departure, he determined to take leave of his mother's pensioners, who lived in neat little alms houses erected by her, with a chapel in the middle of them, where the eldest pensioner read prayers twice a day.

When Frederick arrived there they were at prayers; he interrupted them not, but joined in their devotions.

After they were finished, " My friends,
" said he, I am come to bid you fare-
" well, to-morrow I leave you, but
" could not think of going before I
" had paid you a farewell visit. Do not
" suppose, my good friends, that my de-
" parture will occasion any alteration in
" your circumstances, or in the mode of
" living my dear mother established—I
" assure you not—I will take care that
" the kindness she shewed to you shall
" be continued—Moreover, should
B 6 " any

“any of you be afflicted by sickness, I
“have directed an Apothecary in the
“village to attend and give you every
“thing necessary for your recovery,
“until my return.

The old men were all much affected
—they approached respectfully to bid
him adieu, he took them each by the
hand—The old man, whom Frederick
had beheld at his mother’s grave, seem-
ed more moved than the rest—The big
tear rolled down his furrowed cheeks
—he pressed affectionately the hand of
Frederick; “Adieu! good young gen-
“tleman; worthy son of a beloved mo-
“ther, in all probability I shall not be-
“hold you more.—Oh! Sir, you are
“going to a place of temptation, where
“many will try to lead you from the
“path of virtue, will try to obliterate
“the salutary instructions of that good
“woman, but dear Sir, remember you
“have a mother in Heaven, her watch-
“ful

“ful eye may still perhaps be on you,
“and think, oh! think, what grief it
“will be to her, to see her dear son de-
“parting from her instructions.—For-
“give the presumption of an old man—
“Adieu, dear Sir, once more—and oh!
“ (dropping down on his knees) may
“God direct you in your pilgrimage
“through this world.”

The remaining part of the day our hero employed in adjusting the concerns of his household and his estate. The old servants he retained, and discharged such as were not immediately necessary, or who had not been any length of time in the family, except one, whom, from a faithful attachment, he retained to attend him, and with whom, he the next morning quitted the mansion of his parents to visit the gay scenes of the metropolis.

CHAPTER V.

CITY RELATIONS.

FREDERICK, immediately on his arrival in Town, thought it his duty to pay his respects to his father's brother, an eminent merchant in the City. After having made some alteration in his dress, he stepp'd into a hackney coach, and drove to Mincing-Lane—upon enquiring for Mr. Jonathan Arley, he was shewn into his office—being deeply engaged over some account books, Frederick sat there near half-an-hour without the least attention being paid to him by his uncle—at length the old man pulling off his spectacles, and laying down his

his pen, locked up his desk——Frederick ventured now to address him—the old gentleman, whose ideas were fixed on some nice arithmetical calculation, and who knew not till now that any one was in the room, raised his eyes, and with a hideous stare of astonishment fixed them on his nephew——“Hem—young man, “what is your business with me? you “dont want to borrow money I hope?”

“No, Sir, replied our hero, I came to “enquire after your health, and to pay “my respects to you.”

“Eh! (rejoined the old man, surveying Frederick all the while from “head to foot, with a scrutinizing “eye, as if he doubted the truth “of what he said) to pay your respects to me, what respect do you “owe me?”

“Sir, replied our hero, I am the son “of your brother; your nephew.”

“Oh!

"Oh! what Noll's son?—well, well,
"I am glad to see you—so you are
"master of a fine fortune? aye, take
"care how you spend it—it's dinner
"time, come, you shall dine with us—
"Eh! how much are you worth, Ne-
"phew?"

"Why, Sir, my father left me three
"thousand pounds a year; and by my
"mother's death, her jointure of seven
"hundred pounds a year has fallen to
"me."

"A very fine fortune, indeed, take
"care of it—what, I suppose you
"have no thoughts of venturing it in
"trade?"

"I see no reason, (replied Frederick)
"why I should entertain such ideas."

"And why not? how did your father
"get it all? eh! but by trade—But
"dinner will be cold,"—without wait-
ing to say any more, the old man
hobbled into the dining-room, leaving
our

our hero to follow him or not at his pleasure. Frederick, on entering the room, beheld a young man and an overgrown girl already seated at table, and helping themselves with a great deal of seeming satisfaction.

Our hero's entrance somewhat damped their ardour, they both sat staring with a stupid astonishment, without thinking it at all necessary to ask him to be seated. "What the devil are the
"fools gaping at, (muttered their father,
"peevishly) why cant you rise, and ask
"your cousin Frederick how he does"—
No sooner did they know he was a relation, but they jumped up, and with an awkward familiarity shook him by the hand; after these salutations were past, they all sat down to dinner.—It is a great trial of temper to bear the fulsome compliments, and overstrained civility of people of low breeding. — Frederick, whose appetite was not large, was nevertheless

theless forced, in order to avoid a torrent of impertinent enquiries, to cram down whatever his female cousin was pleased to put on his plate, and as her appetite was unfortunately for him none of the most moderate, and she measuring his by her own, he found it rather a difficult task to comply with her liberal donations.

The cloth being taken away, Frederick, in order to avoid the impertinent questions of his relations, pretended indispensable business, and retired to indulge his thoughts in a walk, promising, however, at the same time to return to tea.

CHAPTER VI.

A SCHEME.

WHEN Frederick had taken his leave, old Arley fell into a deep reverie, "I have been thinking, said he, how "lucky it may turn out that your cousin "called."

"He is a fine young man," said Miss Polly.

"And has a good fortune too," rejoined the son.

"Why, I suppose, cries Miss, he is "worth a matter of five thousand "pounds."

"Five

“Five thousand pounds! (exclaimed the old man,) a flea bite—why he has three thousand seven hundred pounds a year.”

“Indeed,” replied Miss.

“Suppose, father, (cried Robert after a pause) we could get all that fortune into our family?”

“What do you mean, son? what do you mean?”

“Why if we could prevail on him to marry sister.”—Miss blushed.

“A good thought, son, a good thought, our Poll’s not so plain.”

“Plain, father!” exclaimed Miss, looking, as if she thought another phrase would have been no disparagement to his eye sight.

“Why, father, continued Mr. Robert, if we could prevail on him to lodge at our house, and Poll plays her cards well,” (Miss held her tongue, but her looks seemed to say that it should not

not be her fault,) "you need not father
"give her the fortune you intended, and
"then we could keep that in business."

"Well said, son, well said."—Upon
which, it was resolved, that Miss Polly
should level the whole ~~of her~~ artillery of
her charms against our hero, nor was
it doubted that the event could happen
otherwise than successful.

CHAPTER VII.

ATTACK *the* FIRST.

WHEN Frederick returned from his walk, Mr. Jonathan made him an offer of a room in his house, which our hero received with thanks, as he was at present totally unprovided with lodgings.

Tired and fatigued with his journey, and more so by the unmeaning discourse of his female cousin, and the dry conversation of his uncle, Frederick retired soon to rest—sleep, however, forsook his pillow—the past blissful hours rushed into his mind, he compared them with the present—the comparison sickened him—however, as he had given
his

his promise to reside at his uncle's he would not retract it.—Thither the next morning, therefore he ordered his baggage to be brought—His uncle's behaviour to him was as cordial as his nature could admit of—his cousin Robert's was of the cringing kind—Miss Polly was always prepared to put on a smile, which a certain vixen look about the eyes seemed to declare to be foreign to her nature.

“ Well, cousin Frederick, we shall be
“ very happy, I dare say, exclaimed she,
“ you shall go out with me often; we
“ will go to Sadler's Wells, and White
“ Conduit-House, and our dancing mas-
“ ter's hop.” — He stared — “ Aye, con-
“ tinued she, well may you look sur-
“ prised, you never saw such delightful
“ places in all your life—I warrant you'll
“ be quite *stark staring mad* with joy.”
Frederick was thunderstruck — female
delicacy — City breeding — thought he.
“ But come, coz, you shall go and hear
“ me

“me play on the *pinny forty*”—He followed her in silence; sitting down at it, she began playing an old and rather vulgar tune, accompanying the instrument with her voice.—Frederick had a fine ear for music, and played well on the piano forte himself—the assurance and vulgarity of his cousin therefore quite disgusted him.

“Can you play, cousin.”

“A little.”

“Oh! do let us hear.”

Frederick consented—Miss Polly was amazed—she could not put herself in competition with her cousin—she looked confused, but in order to give our hero a favourable impression of her genius, she informed him, that she had not learnt above half a year, to which had she added two years more, she would not have been much mistaken.

After Frederick had finished the beautiful overture to *La Buona Figliola*, Miss
Polly

Polly seemed determined to make up for her want of proficiency in music, by a display of her knowledge in the French language.

She began with a whole torrent of French questions, to which our hero, not being able to give adequate answers, from the badness of her pronunciation, and the celerity of her discourse, Miss Polly thought she had gained a complete triumph, of which her features evidently betrayed her consciousness.

From French she hastened to poetry, and shewed him some specimens of her poetic genius, which Frederick, though he did thereby a great violence to his taste, was forced to applaud.

Miss Polly, by her transports, seemed as if the accomplishments she had taken special care to display, had certainly gained the heart of her cousin, of course she overwhelmed him with her impertinence and forward behaviour, which

doubtless she thought an agreeable vivacity.

Frederick, quite *ennuyé*, and disgusted with the vulgarity of his cousin, resolved to make his escape from this tete-a-tete scene, as quick as possible.—He took up his hat—Miss Polly was astonished, she did not doubt but her cousin meant to request the honor of her company—she was disappointed—on pretense of business, he took his leave, heartily glad of having thus escaped from so tedious a conversation.

Old Arley and his son entered the room, almost immediately after Frederick had quitted it.—Miss Polly's countenance sufficiently explained that she was not highly delighted.

Old Arley's brow was instantly contracted into a frown—Robert bit his lips—nevertheless, a consultation was held, the result of which was, that a second attack should be made upon the heart of our hero, after dinner.

CHAPTER IX.

ATTACK *the* SECOND.

JUST as dinner was on the table, Frederick entered from his walk, and hoped he had not kept his uncle waiting—the old man replied in the negative, assuring him he would not wait for the Emperor of Morocco a moment beyond his usual time. Down they sat to dinner—here, this was no meal of compliments.

Old Arley, and his son and daughter seemed unwilling to lose a moment by talking, or that any one should devour more than the other; their appetites at length being satisfied, and the cloth removed, Frederick proceeded to inform

his uncle, that he had been to look at some lodgings, which he approved of much, and intended taking—The old gentleman stared. “And what do you
“want lodgings for, can’t you stay where
“you are; is not the city as fine, and
“much richer place than the court end,
“as you call it. Come, nephew, you
“shall have your lodging and board a
“bargain, no more than a hundred a
“year, what do you say to that?” Frederick, declared he should have been happy to have remained where he was, but that as he wished to continue an acquaintance with some young men of fashion, whom he had known at College, he could not think of encumbering his uncle with his company, and himself too.

The old man predicted certain ruin from the proposed connection with young men of fashion, whom he stigmatized with the appellation of “paper
“sculled

"sculled toys." Mr. Robert ventured also to give his opinion, in his usual soft manner—

"Why, if I may be allowed, said he, to give my opinion, cousin, it should be totally against your removing, unless you have designs of altering your condition." Frederick assured him of the contrary, protesting he had never seen the lady with whom he thought he could be happy.

Miss tossed up her head and looked disappointed—the old man whistled—Mr. Robert hummed a tune—however, suddenly recovering himself, he requested to know of our hero, upon what establishment he should proceed.

"Why, replied Frederick, I shall most undoubtedly order a carriage in the modern taste, purchase besides saddle horses, and hire the necessary servants."

C 3

"A carriage,

“A carriage,” exclaimed old Arley, with the utmost astonishment, “why what the devil do you want with a carriage? have you not got legs to walk on?”

Frederick could not forbear smiling at his uncle’s remarks. “You know, Sir, I have a country house too, continued he, and I think, with economy, I shall not go beyond my income.”

“Perhaps not; you ought to be hanging for an ass, if you do; three thousand and seven hundred pounds a year!—why you ought to save at least, three thousand pounds a year for younger children’s portions.”

“Why, Sir, said Frederick, as I have no thoughts of marrying for some time, I do not see for what reason I should save any thing; besides, Sir, you remember the old adage of
“not

“not counting your chickens before they
“are hatched.”

With this kind of conversation, the old man entertained his nephew for some time, 'till recollecting the determination they had made before dinner, he arose, winked at Robert, and left the room; his son immediately followed him.

“Why cousin, began Miss Polly,
“wo'nt you be very dull in lodgings by
“yourself?”

“I think not, replied he, I shall form
“an extensive acquaintance, with whom
“I shall spend part of my time—pub-
“lic amusements will occupy my even-
“ings, and should I have any leisure
“hours, I shall not find them dull,
“while I have books and music.”

“But I mean, cousin Frederick, with-
“out a wife.”

“Why, to be sure, the ladies are very
“necessary to our happiness,” said

he with a smile, and to which Miss Polly's eyes betrayed evident symptoms of pleasure.

"With your estate and person any woman (continued she) would be glad to have you."

Frederick bowed.

"Not that I mean you to marry a beggar—how much do you think my father is worth cousin?"

Frederick protested he could not guess.

"Why more than a hundred thousand pounds; which you know Bob and I must have when he dies."

Frederick now began to see the drift of his cousin's conversation, and fearing she might put more direct questions to him, he resolved to make his immediate escape; he therefore arose, and took up his hat.

"Why you ar'n't going, coz."

"Yes, madam; I promised to be at a coach-maker's this afternoon to look

"look at a carriage—a good afternoon
"to you."

To this Miss Polly vouchsafed no answer, not even a curtsy, but as soon as he was gone, burst into tears.

At this moment entered old Arley and his son, they had heard, from an adjoining room, the conversation that passed, and therefore did not interrupt Miss Polly's grief, yet though they ventured not to open their lips, their countenances evidently betrayed their dissatisfaction and disappointment.

CHAPTER IX.

REMOVAL.

FREDERICK's situation was not very pleasant, his uncle taking every opportunity of giving him lectures on the folly of removing from his house—Miss Polly preserved a formality of demeanor—Mr. Robert a gloomy silence—this kind of behaviour only served to make our hero more anxious to depart, and to use the greatest expedition in making the necessary preparations, and in hiring servants.

It was not till every thing was ready for his reception that he ventured to inform his relations of it, and bid them
adieu

adieu; accordingly the very day he intended to go, he then made known his intentions.

The old man stared. "Aye, go along, go along, said he; I'll warrant you'll soon repent of it."

Miss Polly affected to treat it as a matter of indifference, but disappointment and chagrine, were evident in her countenance. Mr. Robert said not a word.

Our hero had ordered his carriage to come for him, and when it drew up to the door, the old man took a look at it thro' the window.

"A pretty piece of gingerbread work, truly, and pray, nephew, how much might this cake of gingerbread cost? I warrant now a matter of fifty guineas."

"To which, replied Frederick, if you add two hundred and fifty more, you will be nearer the mark."

"What? (exclaimed old Arley, almost convulsed with rage,) what three

"hundred guineas?" the idea seemed to make a profuse perspiration burst from every pore; he wiped his face, and with a look which denoted the height of despondence and rage, continued his discourse---

"Aye, there poor Noll, all thy money will soon be spent that thou was't so many years in scraping together, in gingerbread and nonsense. Three hundred guineas for a trinket! oh lord! oh lord! fifteen pounds a year sunk for ever."

The two last words *for ever* seemed to carry with them unusual weight, his visage was lengthened an inch, and his under jaw dropped as if he had been dying; he vouchsafed, however, to hold his tongue, but his countenance expressed sufficiently the inward workings of his bosom.

Frederick without seeming to attend to his uncle, took hold of his hand, and declared how glad he should be to see him in Pall Mall.

"Never

“Never, never! I would not be seen
“near such extravagance—Well, Lord
“help us! good bye, I shall soon see
“you a bankrupt.”

It only remained now for him to take leave of his cousins; he expressed the warmest wishes for the happiness of both, and requested them to favor him with a frequent visit.

Mr. Robert for some latent reason was unusually civil. — Miss Polly ventured only to answer by a curtsy—she seemed ready to cry with vexation.

The ceremony of taking leave, at length happily for Frederick being over, he stepped into his carriage, and was soon set down at his lodgings in Pall Mall.

CHAPTER X.

THEATRE.

FREDERICK, tho' he proposed to set out in the world with eclat, resolved not to depart from a system of expenditure which he had laid down.

He allotted so much for necessary and superfluous articles, and what many other systems of expence contains not; he set apart no trifling sum for the relief of the friendless and unfortunate.

Those who bring not with them to the metropolis letters of invitation, depend generally on the Theatres and Coffee-Houses, for an introduction, to a casual indeed; set of acquaintance.

Frederick

Frederick resolved to follow this method, for though he had been intimate with many young men at College, he was not able, from not knowing where they lived, to renew his acquaintance with them.

The Tragedy of *Jane Shore* attracted his attention to Covent Garden Theatre, where he found himself surrounded by beauty and fashion—though the chief part of his life had been spent in the country, our hero knew that attention to the play was vulgar; nevertheless he found it impossible to keep his disengaged to the stage—the *Jane Shore* of Mrs. POPE was so truly pathetic, and the jealous frenzy of Miss BRUNTON's *Alicia* so affectingly natural that his passions were awakened, and spite of the surrounding company, and of his endeavours to hide them, the tears trickled down his cheeks—he was mortified—every person whose eyes were upon him, he thought

thought observed and laughed at his emotions—he was ready to sink with confusion—The pathos of the piece increased as it drew nearer to the conclusion. Frederick still could not disengage his attention from the stage, and the consequence of it was a repetition of the same conduct as the former part of the tragedy had produced—he resolved therefore to hasten away—this resolution he put in instant practice, and as his carriage was not there, proceeded home on foot.

CHAPTER XI.

An INCIDENT.

HE was walking in rather a pensive mood, when a decently dressed female rushed up to him, "oh! Sir"—she stopped as if out of breath—Frederick, whose feelings were ever alive to distress, enquired of her what she wanted, and of what use he could be to her—She seemed to recover a little—"oh! Sir, my mis-tress—Lord L—— violence"—from these incoherent words, he knew not what to judge; again he begged her to explain herself, the same words she repeated a second time, and made a motion to him to follow her.

He acquiesced, and bade her lead the way; she flew rather than ran, and Frederick had much ado to keep up with her; she stopped at length in St. Alban's-street, and opened the door of a house with a key.

Our

Our hero followed her in silent wonder, but he had no sooner set his foot on the threshold of the door, than he heard a scream, not loud, but as if proceeding from a person whose strength was exhausted.

He listened a moment to ascertain whence it proceeded, and immediately rushed up stairs; the drawing room was locked, setting his foot against it, however, he burst it open—Good Heavens, what was his astonishment! to see a beautiful lady almost sinking beneath the power of a brutal ravisher. He flew upon him, and with a violent jerk, threw him to the other end of the room.

The lady then engrossed his care, he lifted her from the ground, and placed her gently on a sofa—she seemed striving to return her thanks to Frederick, but her voice would not permit her; she could only bestow on him a
look,

look, which spoke more forcibly than a thousand words.

The person whom Frederick had treated so roughly, now began to recover from his confusion, and with an intent to terrify our hero, cocked his hat fiercely in his face, and asked him with an oath how he dared intrude upon his privacy.

Frederick smiled at his menacing aspect, and replied, by asking him how he dared insult a female.

"Know you who I am?" said the person, taking care at the same time to discover a star.

"No, replied our hero, but I suppose you are one of those who think that titles give them the liberty of trampling upon every institution human and divine."

"And who are you, continued his lordship, that dares to talk to me in this manner."

"One,

“ One, replied Frederick, who is incapable of fearing you ; there is my direction—make what use of it you please—let it be sufficient for your lordship to know, that the person who speaks to you, will not degrade you as an adversary—At present I would advise your lordship to retire, as you see your presence is disagreeable to the lady.”

“ Sir, (replied his lordship, nettled at our hero's speech) I shall retire when I please.”

“ That must not be, rejoined Frederick, you must depart immediately, or suffer yourself to be treated in a manner you will not think agreeable.”

His lordship stared, but seeing his antagonist look determined, he retreated down stairs, muttering curses all the while, and vowing vengeance upon this intruder.

CHAPTER XII.

A TALE.

AS soon as his lordship was gone, Frederick turned to the lady, who was by this time a little recovered.

She sunk from the sofa upon her knees—

“ Oh! if a grateful female’s prayers
“ will avail, generous stranger, thou
“ hast them—this, this night hast thou
“ relieved me from the power of one
“ whom no entreaties could have softened — Gracious Heaven, I thank
“ thee.”

Our hero could not bear more—he raised her from the ground, and seating her

her on the sofa, requested to be informed by what means he found her in such a perilous situation.

She proceeded to inform him.

“ I had lived, generous deliverer, ever
“ since the death of my parents with an
“ aunt, in the country ; she was taken
“ ill, and it was judged necessary that
“ she should go to London for the ad-
“ vice of eminent physicians—I accom-
“ panied her—she grew better after her
“ arrival in town, and I entertained
“ hopes of a speedy recovery, but a re-
“ lapse of her disorder overthrew all my
“ expectations, and she died.

“ I was by her death, left to be the
“ guide of my own conduct, without a
“ friend to advise or direct my steps—
“ however, as I had a genteel fortune,
“ I resolved to enquire for some decent
“ family in which I might board, and
“ was recommended to the lady who
“ keeps this house ; whither I removed

“ as

“ as soon as possible ; she did not bely
“ the character given her, and I found
“ myself again in a fair way of being
“ comfortably settled.

“ One night I was prevailed on to
“ accompany Mrs. Lewis to the play,
“ during the whole of the performance,
“ I had observed a gentleman watch me
“ very narrowly, but at that time, not
“ suspecting any thing, I did not mind
“ him ; three or four days afterwards I
“ perceived the same person observing
“ our house very particularly ; this struck
“ me as very strange ; however, I did
“ not take any notice of it to Mrs.
“ Lewis.

“ The next morning, a letter without
“ signature, was brought me, protesting
“ the writer’s violent attachment. It
“ appeared a thing unworthy notice,
“ and I treated it accordingly.

“ About a week afterwards, another
“ letter came, offering me a large settle-
“ ment.

“ment, and concluding by informing
“me the writer was a nobleman. This
“was rather a serious matter—accord-
“ingly I ordered the servants to take
“no more letters in directed to me; fe-
“veral came, but they always refused
“them; this evening Mrs. Lewis was
“on some business called out, and all
“the servants, but one, were gone to
“the play. A single knock at the
“door was heard, and upon the maid’s
“opening it, a gentleman asked for me,
“saying, he had some particular busi-
“ness. The maid, unsuspecting, shew-
“ed him up, I recognized him the mo-
“ment I saw him, for the person I had
“seen at the play.

“He began, by saying his violent
“love had led him to this, and begged
“my excuse—his conduct alarmed me,
“I acted on the reserve, and requested
“him to leave me. Seeing me deter-
“mined not to listen to him, he changed
“his

“ his mode of conduct, and with a horrid oath, vowed I should hear him ;
“ I was terrified, and was going to ring
“ the bell—he started up, seized hold
“ of my hand, and then bolted the door
“ —I screamed, and intreated—he disregarded me, and would have, no doubt,
“ completed his horrid purpose, had not
“ Heaven sent you to my assistance.”

She concluded, by informing Frederick, her name was Williamson.

It grew late; Frederick knew it would be improper for him to remain where he was, and to leave the lady, might subject her to danger, he therefore sent the maid for two of his servants, whom he resolved to station in the passage the whole night.

While the messenger was gone, a knock at the door was heard—Miss Williamson trembled; Frederick, telling her not to be apprehensive, went down stairs, and opened the door himself. It

was Mrs. Lewis, and the two maid servants.

Mrs. Lewis was informed of the night's adventure, and our hero's conduct, which she not only applauded highly, but expressed the highest sense of her gratitude for his timely interference.

Frederick's two servants now came—it was near midnight, with strict charges therefore to his men, he took his leave, overwhelmed with the thanks of the whole family.

CHAPTER XIII.

An OLD ACQUAINTANCE.

HARDLY had our hero breakfasted the next day, when the footman brought up word that a gentleman desired to speak with him—Frederick suspected it was a message from the nobleman, and ordered him to be shewn up; on his entering the room, Frederick was much surprised to recognize an old College acquaintance—his name was Clareville; youngest son of Lord Clareville.

After mutual congratulations, upon their meeting, our hero requested to know to what accident he was indebted for this pleasure.

D 2

" Know

“ Know you, (said Clareville with an archness of countenance) a lady of the name of Williamson?”

Frederick satisfied him in that particular. He then proceeded to acquaint our hero that there was a kind of *penchant* between them, that making his usual morning visit there, he was informed of the particulars of the last night's event, and for which, he came to return him his thanks.

“ And now (said he) you must accompany me to his lordship; I must have a morning's lounge with him.”

Frederick guessed his meaning, but insisted on his first making an example of him.

“ We will not quarrel about that (replied Clareville) I will have the first word, you the second.”

Our hero dressed himself, and they went together to his lordship's house; where, upon enquiring for him, they were

were informed he had departed for the Continent early in the morning.

They were not sorry for his lordship's flight, as it prevented them from calling him to a severe account, and being perhaps his executioner.

From his lordship's house, Clareville insisted on Frederick's accompanying him to his father's, that he might introduce him to his family; to which he consented, and they bent their steps to Berkley-square. On the way, our hero requested to be informed of the particulars of his friend's amour—which, for the present, he begged to be excused, with a promise of relating it at some future period.

CHAPTER XIV.

An INTRODUCTION.

AT Berkeley-square they arrived, and Frederick was introduced to the family, consisting of Lord and Lady Clareville, Lord Walton, their eldest son, Lady Matilda, and Lady Augusta, their daughters.

Our hero felt himself somewhat embarrassed; not that awkward bashfulness, which a country booby feels, but a consciousness of inferiority—nevertheless he acquitted himself pretty well. The conversation soon turned upon fashionable topics, but of which Frederick was totally ignorant.

It

It did not, however, make much difference—the volubility with which the females descanted on their favourite subject, left him little occasion to say a word, had he been ever so great an adept in this kind of conversation.

This visit lasted about two hours, when Frederick thinking it time to take his leave arose, and with an invitation to dine *en famille*, next day, departed.

Clareville would not leave him, the renewal of friendship generally produces a discussion of former scenes—to this discussion they recurred with pleasure.

College incidents, and College discipline, were canvassed over and over again, and it was not 'till late that they could be prevailed upon to take leave of one another.

CHAPTER XV.

The DEPENDANT.

AT four next day, Frederick, elegantly dressed, was set down in Berkley-square; the important business of the toilet was not yet over with the ladies—Lord Clareville and Lord Walton were out, Charles had taken a ride, and was not yet returned.

Our hero was shewn into the drawing room—he had not been there long, before the sound of music reached his ears—he listened, and was enchanted—the finger of perfection seemed to touch the harpsichord.—He was enraptured; a voice more harmonious than imagination

tion can conceive, accompanied the music.

Our hero thought himself in the abodes of Heaven—the music ceased; he was still in the attitude of listening with delight, when a female entered from the adjoining room—a more lovely form never did he behold—he was struck dumb with wonder, and felt a sensation which he had never before experienced—blushing excessively, the young lady was about to leave the room; Frederick advancing gracefully, took hold of her hand, and begged he might not drive her away, but have the honour of conducting her to a seat—she permitted him with confusion.

“ I am to thank you madam, (said our hero) for some of the most blissful moments I ever experienced, (the young lady bowed) never did I hear the harpsichord touched with such skill, or a more harmonious voice.”

D 5.

“ Music,

“Music, Sir, is my favorite amusement, but I entreat you not to attempt complimenting me into a belief that I excel in it.”

There was a softness, a melancholy in her voice, which seemed the effect of sorrow—her countenance too bore the marks of grief.

To avoid the looks of Frederick, she had taken her work out of her pocket.

“I would intreat the favour of one more air, did it not seem an impertinent request, or were it not disagreeable,” said Frederick, darting a most engaging look at her.

“Disagreeable it is not.” replied the blushing female—

“Then I may hope for your compliance.”

He arose, and bowing gracefully, led her to the harpsichord. The beautiful air in the Heiress lay on it.

“May

“ May I intreat you to play this, accompanying it with your voice.”

There was something most winning in our hero's voice, and a request from him seemed to come with more propriety than from any other man.

The air was played and sung delightfully—the words seemed to have made much impression on the young lady—a tear trickled down her cheek as she was singing.

She had just finished, and Frederick was still leaning on the back of the chair, when lady Augusta and Matilda entered the room.

Our hero paid his respects rather confused—the young lady seemed embarrassed;—with an indignant toss of the head, and in a haughty tone of voice, “ We do not want you, Miss Osmond,” said Lady Matilda, the young lady replied not—her eyes cast on the ground, seemed willing to avoid the sight of any

one, and trembling and confused she retired.

Frederick was hurt, and remained silent 'till the eldest of the ladies exclaimed, " Bless me, Sir, are you not well ?"

Our hero started, begged pardon for his absence of mind; and entered into conversation.

Seating herself at the harpsichord, Lady Matilda began playing an Italian air, accompanying the music with her voice. What a difference did our hero find between Miss Osmond and Lady Matilda."

" Well, Sir, (exclaimed she, in a half serious manner) which plays best, Miss Osmond or myself ?"

" Upon my word I know not to which to give the preference—Miss Osmond seems very accomplished—A companion of yours, I presume ?"

" Companion, Sir ! (replied Lady Matilda, in a tone of voice expressing
" five

five of anger) "No, Sir, my Lady
"Clareville took her out of charity."

"Good God! what a pity," rejoined
Frederick, with unusual warmth.

Fortunately, his exclamation was not
attended to, his friend at that moment
entering the room.

The conversation turned on indiffer-
ent subjects, and Lord and Lady Clare-
ville, with Lord Walton, joining them,
they proceeded to the dining-room—The
conversation during dinner time was of
that uninteresting kind, which but to re-
peat would disgust—that being finished,
it was proposed to proceed to Drury Lane
Theatre, to see Mrs. Siddons in *Isabella*.
Our hero was invited to make one of the
party—they got thither in the middle of
the first act—our hero was all attention—
he listened with rapture—the artful
acting of Mrs. *Siddons* astonished him,
his feelings were interested for *Isabella*,
with much surprise he beheld the two
young

young ladies pay not the least attention to the tragedy—he was amazed—it was strange—Females without sensibility, he thought it impossible—nevertheless here was a convincing proof of the falsehood of that position.

CHAPTER XVI.

CITY RELATIONS.

THE Tragedy was finished, and Frederick was engaged in conversation with his friend and the ladies, when a person from the Pit cried out "Bless me, there's Cousin."

Frederick was confused, and did not know whether to reply to this speech or not, for he plainly perceived it was Miss Polly.

He thought it best to take no notice of it, and turning his head away, he resumed the conversation, when he felt a gentle tap on the head, and beheld the ladies

ladies immediately burst out into a fit of laughter.

To the inexpressible confusion of Frederick, his cousin, Miss Polly, who was close under the box, accompanied by a young man, was not to be put off in this manner, but bawled out——

“Aye, Coz, how d’ye do? pordigious
“hot I vow—here’s Mr. Simpkins and I
“come to see the play—what scroudg-
“ing to get in—I’m all of a muck, poz.”

To this beautiful address our hero knew not what to reply, he would have given half his fortune not to have had it happen.

The company he was in seemed to enjoy his confusion, all eyes were upon him, and every body tittering; at length with much difficulty he gained courage enough to say “I’m glad to see you Miss
“Polly.”

“That’s kind, Coz; come, Sammy,
“let’s try to get out, we’ll go and sit along
“with

“with them; aye, we sha’n’t be so hot
“there.”

Frederick was now at his wit’s end—
To Lady Augusta and Matilda he would
have made some apology for the threaten-
ed intrusion, but words were denied him—
his friend pitied, and made an apology
for him to his sisters, who so far from
being offended at, were highly delighted
and promised themselves much diversion
with, the occurrence.

In the mean time Miss Polly and her
beau made their way, with much difficulty,
through the crowd—however, they at
length effected it with the loss of Miss
Polly’s shoe.

In a few minutes after, the Box door
opened, and in she came; instantly seiz-
ing upon poor Frederick, she broke
silence with—“I vow the people are very
“rude; see here, coz, I have lost my
“shoe and buckle—the buckle cost my
“father fifteen shillings last Christmas,
“and

“and he’s so stingy that he’ll be in a
“dreadful passion when he knows I’ve
“lost one.”

To Lady Augusta and her sister the scene was new, and they enjoyed it; with much difficulty refraining from laughing they insisted on Miss Polly’s setting between them; this she thought a high mark of attention, although it was done in order to divert themselves at her expence.

“That’s a very pretty silk you have on,
“madam,” said Lady Augusta, her attention being drawn to it by the glaring colours.

“Aye, madam, and so it ought
“to be, (replied Miss Polly) it cost
“seven shillings a yard—my old father
“grumbled dreadfully at buying it, and
“said girls ought to be contented with
“cotton gowns; but I told him what
“signifies, says I father, your giving
“me a boarding-school education; how
do

“do you think says I, I am to get a husband, if I dont dress like other people; so he bought it at last, but vowed I should have ne’er another ’till my Lord Mayor’s ball; for your ladyships must know he dont mind a little expence to let me go there.”

“I think you were perfectly right, (replied Lady Matilda) a lady of your taste and person should dress well, and ought not to be checked by the caprice of avarice; for your father is rich, I presume?”

“Rich! Lord bless you, he is worth at least a *plumb*.”

“Indeed! but your elegance was sufficient to convince me you was a person of fortune.”

Miss Polly bridled up, and seemed highly pleased; and after chatting away a considerable time, for she was at no loss for the blessings of speech——“To tell you a secret, ladies, (whispered she, at the

“ the same time looking very signifi-
“ cantly) between ourselves, I have a
“ design upon my country cousin; he
“ has a good estate, a matter of four
“ thousand pounds a year, father says,”

“ To be sure, you are very right,
“ your success must be certain—as it is
“ impossible but he must be proud to be
“ united to so amiable a lady.”

In the mean time, Frederick, (who had somewhat recovered from his confusion,) and his friend were listening to Miss Polly's beau, Mr. Simkin, who was entertaining them with the price of stocks, and the witty things his father said at the City feast—When the curtain drew up, and the entertainment began, their attention became fixed to the mummery of Harlequin, and prevented them from teizing their new acquaintance so much as they had hitherto done, altho' they gave them as much entertainment by their broad laugh and exclamations of

of astonishment at the tricks of the motly hero. When the first act was finished, Lady Augusta and her sister prepared to depart, inviting Miss Polly, with much ceremony, to accompany them home; Miss Polly looked rather disappointed, and seemed as if she was willing to have as much for her money as possible.

Frederick, from this, hoped she would refuse Lady Augusta's invitation, but he was disappointed, for she accepted it, judiciously concluding it was much more easy to get to the theatre than into the company of persons of fashion.

Here a fresh difficulty arose—she had lost her shoe, and which she had entirely forgot, from being so much taken up with the company; this difficulty was, however, got over, by one of the ladies proposing she should lean upon Mr. Simkin's arm and hop to the carriage.

This whimsical proposition was put in practice, and after a good deal of laughing,

ing, and some difficulty, they got seated and drove away to Berkley-square.

Frederick would have gladly excused himself from returning to Lord Clareville's, but Charles laughed at his folly, and having seen the ladies into their carriage, they proceeded to follow them in his chariot.

To heighten the ridicule of the scene, when the coach stopped, the ladies proposed, that Mr. Simkin should get out first, and carry Miss Polly into the house, at the same time desiring the footman to shew them into the room where Lady Clareville was sitting.

The footman tittering, obeyed, and with affected ceremony, led them to the drawing room, where her ladyship and Lord Walton were engaged at piquet.

Mr. Simkin entered with Miss Polly, and rather fatigued with his burthen, sat her down in the middle of the room, and

and bowed most obsequiously to Lady Clareville.

“In the name of goodness, who have we here?” exclaimed Lord Walton.

“Why ma’am, Master Simkin and me were at the play, and who should I see there, (replied Miss Polly) but Cousin, and he seemed to be in the best place, I makes my way through the croud, and goes up to him, and sits along with him and two ladies—mighty good sort of ladies, indeed—and when they were coming away, they asked me to come along with them.”

Lady Clareville and her son, now began to guess at Lady Augusta and her sister’s scheme, and therefore very politely desired them to be seated—the ladies now entered the room, and with affected ceremony begged leave to introduce Miss Arley and Mr. Simkin to them.

Lady

Lady Clareville looked for a further explanation from her son Charles, who soon after, accompanied by his friend, joined the company, and in a few words to her ladyship, aside, gave her to understand the whole circumstance.

Frederick had so little relish for ridiculing the weakness of others, that he could not help being hurt at the treatment of his cousin, but did not take any notice of it.

Lord Walton, now entered with spirit, into the ridiculous scheme, declared that from their appearance, they must be persons of distinction, and constantly addressed them by the appellation of Sir Samuel, and Lady Polly.

Unable to discover the real meaning of the company, Miss Polly and her beau thought it was at least a good frolic, and were much pleased with the attention shewn them.

Frederick

Frederick was far from enjoying the scene, and sat nearly silent, except making, every now and then an effort to get them away, but in this he was defeated, by the whole party insisting upon their staying supper, which being at length announced, Lord Walton, taking the willing hand of Miss Polly, led the way. Lady Matilda offered her hand to Mr. Simkin, and our hero conducted Lady Clareville.

When they were seated, the footman was desired to call Miss Osmond—At the mention of that name, Frederick's eyes sparkled, and his bosom thrilled with pleasing emotions.

Miss Osmond entered the room, and paying her respects most gracefully, took her seat at the bottom of the table, which happened to be directly opposite our hero.

The conversation, during supper, was chiefly directed to Miss Polly and her

beau, Frederick had therefore a greater opportunity to engage unobserved, and pay greater attention to Miss Osmond, than he otherwise could have done—whom; the more he beheld, the more was he captivated; and being thus seated it was impossible but their eyes should sometimes meet—though perhaps they did so much oftener than would have been the case with indifferent persons, with so much food for amusement at the table.

There was something insinuating in his manner, which rendered him amiable, and she felt emotions, which 'till then had been a stranger to her bosom.

Immediately after supper she arose and left the room, and Frederick, willing to put an end to the farce, rose also, and offered to conduct his cousin home. After many awkward courtesys from Miss Polly, and graceless bows by Mr. Simkin, they took their leaves in company.

pany with our hero—though not without Miss Polly's declaring she should be very glad to see Lady Augusta and her sister in Mincing-lane.

CHAPTER XVII.

The CONFLICT.

UPON Frederick's return home, he found his bosom agitated in a manner he had never experienced before.— Though formed by Nature to be a votary to Love, he had hitherto escaped the shaft, and had never 'till then owned its power.

Although it was late when he returned to Pall-mall, from escorting his cousin into the city, he felt himself not in the least inclined to sleep—two different passions held a contest in his breast—Pride and Love—The dictates of the former held predominant sway—Gentle, amiable, and very accomplished, as Miss Osmond seemed to be, yet, was she not the humble dependent of Lady Clareville?—was she not in a state of servitude?

tude?—would it be proper to unite himself with her? to the eternal disgrace of our hero, the thought of seducing her never entered his head—would such an union be consistent with his station?—what would the world say?—would it not treat him with contempt?—with scorn?—his rank in life demanded a higher connection?—These were the interrogations of Pride, which for some time he found himself unable to answer.

Love, however, banished that unworthy passion—True, said he to himself, she may be poor!—she may be dependant! but is she less amiable?—has not the hard hand of Affliction, of pinching Poverty reduced her to a situation ill suited to her merit?—Am I not in possession of independence?—am I not blessed with wealth, equal to my highest wishes?—to what more worthy purpose can I put that wealth, than to raise the drooping maid above dependence, above

wants that subject her to the taunts of less worthy, because richer beings—what are to me the scoffs, the ridicule of the misjudging world?—If she can but love me, shall I not have happiness enough?

Away ye unworthy dictates of Pride, that prevent the expansion of the heart, and narrow the soul!—and come thou enchanting companion Love! smile on my pursuits—Inspire but the dear maid, with an equal passion, and I shall possess more real happiness than it is in the power of rank and wealth to bestow.

The victory was obtained by Love—that gentle power possessed more influence in his bosom than Pride, and consequently soon destroyed the attempts of his antagonist.

He encouraged its power, and with the resolution to pursue his suit with ardour, he retired to dream of future happiness in the possession of Miss Osmond.

CHAPTER XVIII.

An INTERVIEW.

HAVING formed this resolution, Frederick became much more frequent in his visits to Berkley-square, and took every opportunity of paying his devoirs to Miss Osmond but she, to his mortification, appeared assiduously to avoid him.

Lady Matilda seemed to pay particular attention to Frederick, and hung upon every word he uttered, with an attention visible to every one but himself—Entirely engrossed by Miss Osmond, he attended not to the actions or conduct of any one else, and all his

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thoughts

thoughts were employed in planning to procure an interview with her alone—His efforts were for some time unsuccessful, and at length he obtained that by chance, which he was not able to secure by design;—rising one morning, earlier than usual, he resolved, as it was particularly fine, to take a turn in the Park.

He insensibly wandered into Hyde Park, and then determined to make Berkley-Square his way back to Pall-Mall; he had not proceeded far towards Grosvenor Gate, when a lady coming towards him in a thoughtful manner, engaged his attention—as they approached each other, to his inexpressible surprise, he beheld Miss Osmond—at the sight of him she started, and was apparently very much confused—He addressed her with every possible mark of respect——

“Miss Osmond! to meet you thus early and alone, is a pleasure not more unexpected than agreeable.”

She

She answered not a word.

"Perhaps, what I vainly call a pleasure
"you consider a disappointment, and
"while I am rejoicing at this meeting,
"you are considering of it as an imper-
"tinent intrusion."

"I beg pardon, Sir, Mr. Arley cannot
"be impertinent."

"Permit me then to become a partner
"in your morning's walk."

"You must excuse me, Sir, the distance
"between us renders the impropriety too
"striking for you to wish it."

"But I do wish, I do entreat it, for
"long, very long, madam, have I endea-
"voured to obtain a moment's interview
"with you."

"With me! what would you with me,
"Sir?"

"The first moment I beheld you, I
"thought you amiable, your behaviour
"confirmed me in my idea—alas, I found
"you were too lovely for my peace."

“ Sir, (interrupted Miss Osmond) to
“ what does your conversation tend? my
“ present situation does not teach me to
“ expect compliments from the great, or
“ bid me hope for any honorable in-
“ tentions towards me; yet, Sir, I trust-
“ ed my conduct would have procured
“ me some little respect, and my depend-
“ ance would not have subjected me to
“ insult.”

There was an unaffected dignity in her manner that absolutely commanded awe; and without deigning to cast a look at Frederick she walked away—Our hero was confounded—that she should imagine he meant to offer insult to her, cut him to the soul—he would have followed, to explain his intentions, but she had turned out of the Park, and was out of sight 'ere he could absolutely determine upon preventing her.

Frederick felt the most painful emotions; he had lost the opportunity he had so long

long wished for, to declare his love; he had not only lost the opportunity, but had left an impression on the mind of Miss Osmond little to his advantage.

One moment he resolved to write to her and explain his intention, and the next he rejected that scheme; he wished to inspire her with an equal passion, from her own lips he therefore determined to learn his doom, and with a resolution to wait till another opportunity should present itself, he returned home, without attempting to pursue her steps, enveloped in melancholy and dejection.

CHAPTER XIX.

A ROUT.—The SILENT GENTLEMAN.

FREDERICK had formed no other acquaintance since his arrival in town, than with Lord Clareville's family ; nor did he think it necessary ; their connections were so very extensive, and he was almost daily being introduced to some of them.

He made it his constant rule to pay his respects to Lady Clareville and his friend every day ; with her he was a great favourite ; independent of being the friend of her son, she liked him on his own account. From Lord Clareville or Lord Walton he did not receive
much

much civility, the former was enveloped in his pride, and never thought any one worthy of his notice, who possessed not a title; and the latter considered a prudent young man as a character out of nature. His pursuits were different to our hero's, and therefore they hardly ever met together; and when they did, Lord Walton took but little notice of him, despising the sobriety of his disposition, and considering him beneath his association.

The town was full of the best of company, and agreeable to custom, in fashionable families, a night was appointed on which Lady Clareville was to have a grand rout. Cards of invitation were sent to a very large party, and Frederick was invited among the rest; of the meaning or intent of a rout he was totally ignorant, but he did not think it quite necessary to expose his ignorance by any enquiry,

The

The night came, and Frederiek attended early ; he found Lady Clareville and her two daughters most magnificently dressed.

A whole suit of rooms were decorated in the most elegant stile, and near forty card tables set out ; this appeared astonishing, but he concluded they were for shew, and could not be all occupied.

About nine o'clock the company began to assemble, and before ten there was scarce room to stir.

"Is not this delightful?" exclaimed Lady Matilda, coming up to him,

"Perfectly so, (replied our hero) though I declare, my lady, I can scarce keep myself from being stifled."

"There consists the whole pleasure, for were there room to walk about at one's ease, it would be insufferable."

With all our hero's knowledge he could not connect the idea of being stifled

stilled with any thing delightful for the soul of him.

However, he would not seem so destitute of politeness as to dissent from Lady Matilda's opinion; he therefore united with her in declaring, that nothing could be more enchanting.

"Come then, (says she) will you go and cut in."

"With the utmost pleasure, if your ladyship will do me the honour to be my partner."

Lady Matilda's eyes expressed her satisfaction. Going up to one of the card tables, they waited 'till there were two vacant seats, and then took their places.

Frederick played decently at whist, nor did he dislike a game at cards, though he had an utter aversion to the idea of gambling; in the present instance as to the sum played for, he was under the necessity of being ruled by the company.

There

There was a fault in his composition, which subjected him to many disagreeable consequences—a wish to please, made him give into other people's schemes, although he was nearly certain the event would be to his own disadvantage.

He saw every body take and lay betts; they were offered to him, but he at first declined. A gentleman who lent on the back of his chair, having repeatedly proposed one to him, a wish not to appear singular, at length induced him to accept it—he lost—having once began he continued, and the consequence was, that he rose from the card table with the loss of two hundred guineas.

Much displeased with himself, he retired to a part of the room, where, the company were too much engaged with their own concerns, to take any notice of him.

“How inconsiderate! how silly! (said he to himself) what I have thus carelessly,

“ lessly, and extravagantly thrown away,
“ if properly applied, would have en-
“ abled me to cheer the heart of many
“ a poor sufferer, and assisted many an
“ unfortunate fellow creature !”

The poignancy of his feelings, rendered him insensible to the numerous company.

He gave utterance to the above exclamation, loud enough to be heard by an old gentleman who sat next him, seemingly as deep in thought as himself.

With visible surprise, he fixed his eyes on our hero's face—Sensible of the inconsiderateness he had been guilty of, Frederick was about to retire from this scene of his folly, when the old gentleman took hold of his hand to prevent him. There was a benignity in his countenance, that pleased Frederick much; and from a reverence he felt for those advanced in years, he suffered himself

himself to be detained. He took a chair and sat down by his side, and supposing the old gentleman had heard his reflection, he continued—

“ I have been guilty, Sir, of imprudence, in losing so large a sum, but for the future my complaisance shall not carry me so far.”

The old man nodded his head at what our hero said, in token of approbation, but remained perfectly silent—Frederick was surprised—he began a conversation on various topics, but still no answer was returned; he was half inclined to be angry with him, when Lady Matilda, in traversing the room, came up to them, and perceiving with whom Frederick had got—

“ Lord, (said she in a whisper) what do you sit moping there, with old Mansel for? have you not been told that he never speaks to any body? He is known by most persons of distinction,

“ tinction; is said to be immensely rich,
“ and does many charitable actions, but
“ he is universally disliked wherever he
“ goes.”

Frederick was surprised at the account he had received; he found himself much interested; however, not being able to resist Lady Matilda's pressing intreaties to mingle with the company, he bowed respectfully to the old gentleman, who returned his salute with much complaisance. The remaining part of the evening, Frederick and Lady Matilda chatted on indifferent subjects.

About three o'clock in the morning, the company being greatly diminished, he prepared to depart; passing that end of the room, he observed Mr. Mansel still sitting in the same corner. The character Lady Matilda had given of him, excited his curiosity, and he wished to procure his acquaintance; with much respect, therefore, he went up to him,
and

and offered to accommodate him with a seat in his chariot.

The old gentleman nodded consent, and taking hold of his arm, walked to our hero's carriage—Frederick desired to be informed where he should set him down, but no answer was returned; of course he ordered his servant home. When they arrived in Pall-mall, he desired the old gentleman to let the carriage convey him to his own dwelling, but which, by a wave of his hand, he refused, and bowing courteously, walked away, leaving Frederick astonished at the singularity of his conduct.

CHAPTER XX.

REFLECTIONS.

FROM the first time Miss Osmond had been in our hero's company, she conceived very favorable impressions of him—He was totally destitute of pride, his manner easy and elegant; his person superior to the generality of his sex; and the tone of his voice proclaimed the gentleness of his disposition.

She soon found her heart was likely to be more engaged in his favour than she at first imagined, and which she did not think proper, in her forlorn situation—it was upon this account that she had avoided him with great care, and possessed of
much

much strength of mind, she resolved to overcome her growing attachment, lest it should prove destructive to her peace for ever.

On the morning in which he met her in the park, she was revolving in her mind the events of her life, the temptations which the hand of man is continually throwing out, to lead the innocent female from the path of virtue.

This reflection had tintured her mind with a kind of hatred for the sex, and when our hero addressed her in a stile of admiration, she conceived he meant to offer her some insult, and therefore departed with no favourable impressions of him.

Yet she afterwards repented not staying to hear what he would have said, her heart insinuated——“perhaps his
“designs were honourable; perhaps he
“had no intention to insult me, he
“seems to possess a mind above offering
“any

“any thing unbecoming to an unprotected female; might he not rather wish to guard, than destroy her innocence.”

Such were the whisperings of Love to her bosom; but when she consulted Prudence, she informed her ‘that it was not very probable that a young man of fortune, would unite himself to poverty and dependance.’

She determined, therefore, to be more upon her guard, and never hazard another interview; she resolved to combat the encroachments of affection, tho’ in the moment of solitude many a sigh would she breathe for one, who, in spite of all her fortitude, she could not bring herself to forget

CHAPTER XXI.

The MANSION of MOURNING.

SCARCELY had Frederick risen, the day after the rout, when his valet came into his room, with the information, that an old gentleman was in the hall, from whom they could not get a word, but who, by his actions seemed to want to speak to him.

Frederick desired him to be shewn in, naturally concluding it was the singular person he had met with at Lady Clareville's, and supposing he should now be enabled to get a little further into his character.

Being

Being conducted into the breakfast parlour, he seated himself with a respectful inclination of the head, and taking from his pocket a pencil and a slip of paper, began to write something on it, which, when he had finished he presented to our hero, who read the following sentence.

“If you are willing to make atonement for the folly of last night, accompany me.”

“To shew you how sincerely I do repent, (said Frederick) I will go with you this moment.”

The old Gentleman immediately rose and our hero followed him.

They proceeded without a single word through many windings and turnings, 'till at last, stopping at a mean looking house, and beckoning Frederick to follow him, the old gentleman went up stairs, he obeyed with silent amazement; and following him to the second floor,

he there stopped and knocked at a door; after waiting some moments it was opened by a decent young woman whose eyes were much swollen with tears.

Manfel, without taking the least notice of her or saying a single word, walked into the room; Frederick went in also—but what was his astonishment and anxiety on beholding a miserable grey-headed old man stretched on a sorry bed with scarcely any covering; the windows broken, and the ceiling decayed in such a manner as to be no barrier to the inclemency of the season nor stoppage to the chilling rains; with barely a necessary article and not the least spark of fire in the room, notwithstanding the snow for several days had been upon the ground.

The poor old creature appeared to be approaching very fast to his latter end; and the girl, his daughter, who was with him, look'd pale and emaciated, and as
if

if she had been worn to a skeleton by the hard gripe of Poverty and the want of common necessaries.

“ Merciful God, what a scene is this !” exclaimed Frederick with horror; for until that moment he had been a stranger to distress and consequently this scene of misery was beyond his conception.

Upon his exclamation the old gentleman looked at him, and that look seemed to say, “ Here the money which you
“ lost last night had been much better
“ employed.”

As such, at least, did Frederick feel it—being somewhat recovered from the surprise which the miserable scene had at first thrown him into, he advanced up to the side of the bed and addressed the afflicted man with a voice of the utmost gentleness and concern.

“ If thou art not too far spent to render my coming useless, tell me, oh,
“ tell me which way I can serve you?

“ Affluence is mine!—speak therefore
“ your wants, your wishes, and if they
“ are within the compass of my fortune
“ they shall be satisfied.”

The poor old creature would have replied but he could not, his strength was too much exhausted.

“ The Almighty surely has sent you
“ (said the girl) in pity to our distress; for my poor father lacks proper
“ nourishment and I every moment expect to be his last, and see him expire for want.”

“ For want! (said Frederick) and has
“ the poor wretch wanted food? by
“ Heaven he shall do so no more! here
“ take this money, haste, fly, and get
“ him something instantly; nay, I will
“ go and procure him some refreshments myself—where are they to be
“ got?”

Without waiting for any answer he flew down stairs and perceiving a tavern
in

in a neighbouring street, inattentive to the insinuations of pride, he went in and entreated they would let have any thing they had ready that was fit for a sick man. At that moment a waiter coming by with a roast chicken, which Frederick supposing was brought him in consequence of his application, he seized it with avidity, and was out of the house before the astonished waiter recovered from his surprise—the moment he had he set out in pursuit of our hero, but found it impossible to overtake him until he had got into the room, and from whence he perceived it was impracticable to recover his chicken had he been ever so inclined, but the appearance of the poor old creature deprived him of any such wish, and being paid sufficient to satisfy his master he returned to account for the whimsical circumstance, and leave the Barrister, for whom it had been dressed as a snap between the trials he was retained in at

Westminster-hall, to try if it would not be sufficient grounds for an action of damages.

Frederick cut off the breast of the chicken, and with his own hand administered it to the aged sufferer, and then compelled him to drink part of a glass of wine which he had made the girl procure.

Manfel stood all this time silent in one corner of the room, attentively observing the conduct of Arley, while the daughter, unable to restrain her emotions at seeing her parent thus unexpectedly relieved, dropped down upon her knees, and lifting up her hands to Heaven, with an affecting voice, interrupted by sighs and tears, she exclaimed, “ Merciful Heaven, who beholdest the
“ humanity of this benevolent stranger,
“ and seeing must admire, shower down
“ thy choicest blessings on his head;
“ reward, oh! reward him, as thou hast
“ most

“ most graciously promised, according
“ to his works, and in that moment re-
“ member this his goodness to my help-
“ less father !”

Frederick's humanity flowing from the natural impulse of his heart, this tribute of gratitude affected him.

The poor old man being much revived by the refreshments that had been procured, Frederick desired he would inform him what cruel misfortunes could possibly have reduced them to that distressful situation ;—as it might perhaps be in his power to render them some service.—Raising himself, as well as he could on his wretched bed, and supported by his daughter, the old man in a tremulous tone of voice, spoke to the following effect ———

“ Benevolent Stranger ! not two years
“ ago I was in comfortable circumstances ;
“ by unremitting industry I had acquired
“ a sum of money sufficient, as I thought,

“ for the remainder of my days—my trade
“ flourished, and I only waited to see my
“ daughter happily married, that I might
“ resign my business to her, and spend
“ the rest of my time in preparing for
“ another world. A young man, whom
“ I thought sober and industrious, paid
“ his addresses to her, I encouraged
“ them—he seemed to be fond of her,
“ and I gave my consent to their marriage;
“ the time was fixed at some little distance,
“ and previous to which he called upon me one day,
“ and said if I would be security for him, he had an
“ opportunity of entering into a business
“ that would be infinitely more to his
“ advantage than following mine, which
“ I had proposed, as it was in the profession
“ he had been brought up to.

“ Happy that my dear girl had such a
“ good prospect, I consented, and the
“ agreement was entered into; about
“ two months afterwards I was called
“ upon

“ upon for the payment of the sum; the
“ young man having been guilty of some
“ imprudence had fled. Not being able
“ to command so much money, I was
“ arrested and sent to jail; this injured
“ my trade, and drew all my creditors
“ upon me, who for their own sakes,
“ thought it prudent to procure a Com-
“ mission of Bankruptcy against me;
“ after undergoing the necessary forms,
“ my certificate was granted, and I was
“ released from the horrid mansion.
“ But how different was my situation!
“ from a state of independance, I was
“ now reduced to beggary. My friends
“ rendered me some little assistance, but
“ I found they beheld me with very dif-
“ ferent eyes in my need, to what they
“ had done in prosperity; some pitied,
“ but most thought proper to condemn
“ me.

“ With the trifling pittance my cre-
“ ditors allowed me, we came into this

“lodging in hopes of getting into some
“employ, but every endeavour proved
“ineffectual, and we became under the
“absolute necessity of parting with our
“clothes to procure subsistence, but that
“recourse failing, we gave ourselves
“up to our miserable fate—This good
“gentleman, by some means, became
“acquainted with our wretchedness, and
“relieved us, but the cruel landlord
“threatened if we did not pay him to
“turn us out of doors; we were there-
“fore obliged to satisfy his demands,
“which deprived us of all that gentle-
“man’s kindness had bestowed; and
“grief added to our other misfortunes,
“by reducing me to the enfeebled situ-
“ation you now see me.”

Our hero was sensibly affected at this tale of unmerited distress, and perceived that the old man was exhausted by the effort he had made, and required composure; taking, therefore, the girl on
one

one side, he put ten guineas into her hand, and told her to get as many necessaries as they wanted, for that he should remove him from this wretched place as soon as possible.

The poor girl was proceeding to invoke Heaven's blessings on our hero again, when Frederick wishing her a good day, retreated down stairs, perfectly satisfied with what he had done, and fully determined that his assistance should not end here.

All the way home he was considering what would be the best method of rescuing this unfortunate man and his child from misery;—by the time he had reached Pall Mall he had come to a determination, but as he was not one of those, who are fond of being thanked for favours, he resolved not to go to them again, but to send his propositions; in a letter, therefore, which he sent by his footman, he offered them an asylum near his coun-

try feat, to which place he desired they would set out as soon as possible, if they approved of his proposal, and he would send to his servants there to provide them with an habitation until he came down himself—With this letter he forgot not to send sufficient to defray the expences of the journey ; and it is almost needless to say it was received with gratitude, and its contents acceded to with pleasure.

CHAPTER XXII.

A TALE.

HAVING settled this business to his satisfaction, he thought of changing the scene, by a visit to Berkley-square, for even the recollection of the last night's folly was not sufficient to counteract the attractions of friend and mistress.

When he came there, he found no one visible but Charles, who was sitting very thoughtfully by himself: Upon seeing his visiter ;

“ Frederick, (said he) I am glad you
“ are come; for I am horribly out of
“ spirits, and so dull, as not to find
“ amusement in any thing.”

“ I have

“ I have observed that to be the case
“ for this week past, (replied Frederick)
“ but would not seem to do it, because
“ I wished not to appear officious or in-
“ truding, however, if there is any
“ thing in which my assistance may be
“ useful, command it.”

There was something in our hero's voice, when he offered his services to any one, that spoke the sincerity of his heart.

“ Why, yes, Frederick, you may be
“ of essential service to me.”

“ You rejoice me exceedingly by the
“ information,” replied Frederick.

“ But we are subject to intrusion here,
“ (said Charles) let us take a ramble in
“ the Park, and I will there inform you.”

Frederick could have no objection, and they sat out together. Clareville, when they had got out of the bustle, began in this manner.

“ I will

“ I will now, my dear friend, relate
“ to you the origin of my acquaintance
“ with the lovely girl whom you res-
“ cued so nobly, and some other cir-
“ cumstances which I could not divulge
“ before.

“ About seven months since, as I was
“ riding, not many miles from Clareville
“ castle, a young lady and her servant
“ passed me full speed; she had not got
“ an hundred yards from me, when her
“ horse stumbled, and threw her with
“ great violence against the stump of a
“ tree. I immediately hastened to her
“ assistance—she was senseless—her ser-
“ vant came to my assistance—and by
“ raising her from the ground, we in a
“ short time brought her to herself.

“ On her recovery from the fright,
“ she thanked me for my kindness, and
“ prepared to walk home, but perceive-
“ ing she had not sufficient strength,
“ from having hurt her ankle in the fall,
I in-

“ I insisted on her supporting herself on
“ my arm.

“ After half an hour’s slow walking,
“ we arrived at her house ; it was a neat
“ building, and most beautifully situ-
“ ated ; I would here have taken my
“ leave, but she requested I would walk
“ in, which having done, she intro-
“ duced me to her mother, and re-
“ lated the accident she had received,
“ and dwelt with particular emphasis on
“ the service I had rendered her.

“ The mother was profuse in her ac-
“ knowledgements, and insisted on my
“ staying with them to dinner—I did so
“ —the young lady in the fall had slightly
“ sprained her ankle, but from an ap-
“ plication of something her mother
“ had in the house, she received almost
“ instant relief ; so much so, as to be
“ enabled to accompany me in the gar-
“ den while dinner was preparing, and
“ I found

“ I found in her person and manner a
“ loveliness and delicacy that was inex-
“ pressibly pleasing.

“ After spending an agreeable day,
“ I prepared to leave them, when the
“ old lady again thank'd me for the as-
“ sistance I had been of to her daughter,
“ and gave me a general invitation to
“ the house—I promised to do myself
“ the pleasure of waiting on them and
“ went away much delighted with the
“ day's adventure and the acquaintance
“ I had made. The next day I paid
“ them a visit to enquire whether the
“ young lady experienced any ill effects
“ from her fall; this visit I soon repeat-
“ ed, and in a short time, without know-
“ ing what impulse led me, I called
“ every day, and was every day re-
“ ceived with particular kindness.

“ There imperceptibly grew an inti-
“ macy between us—Miss Williamson
“ would frequently ramble with me into

“ om:

“ some of the most beautiful walks, and
“ often accompany me on horseback to
“ the most romantic prospects not far
“ from their house, and with which part
“ of the country ’till then I was totally
“ unacquainted.

“ In this agreeable association we
“ went on for some time, and I was
“ never contented out of her company ;
“ it was then I began to perceive she
“ had made an impression upon my heart
“ that would most probably ripen into
“ love—knowing the pride of my Lord
“ Clareville, his prejudice in favour of
“ persons of rank and fashion, and his
“ ambitious views in that respect with
“ regard to alliances for his children,
“ the discovery gave me some alarm;
“ and convinced that a passion of that
“ kind must be productive of trouble
“ and uneasiness, I strove all in my
“ power to conquer it, but in vain; I
“ had indulged it too long, and all my
“ efforts

“ efforts were unsuccessful. In short, I
“ continued my visits; she daily appear-
“ ed more and more amiable in my eyes,
“ and I gave myself entirely up to the
“ pleasing delirium of love.

“ I saw, or at least thought I saw, some
“ endeavours on her part to give me
“ pleasure, this induced me to flatter
“ myself I was not indifferent to her,
“ and impelled me one day when we
“ were by ourselves to make an open
“ avowal and entreat her to cherish that
“ passion which her beauty and good
“ sense had inspired.

“ She turned her head away, blush'd,
“ and was silent; yet I flattered myself
“ from her manner that my declaration
“ was not disagreeable; and without
“ troubling you with all that passed, by
“ degrees I drew from her a soft con-
“ fession that I was already in possession
“ of her tenderest esteem.

“ All

“ All thoughts of disobliging his Lord-
“ ship and the consequences that would
“ attend it were now totally eradicated
“ from my mind ; beloved by my dear
“ Miss Williamson I disregarded the
“ whole world beside, and had no idea
“ that the happiness I then experienced
“ could be equalled or interrupted by
“ any event whatever.

“ In this conclusion I soon found my-
“ self deceived, and a circumstance hap-
“ pened which interrupted our felicity
“ and plunged me in the deepest sorrow.
“ The old lady was suddenly seized with
“ a violent fever, and on the third day
“ expired, leaving the darling of my
“ heart to mourn the loss of a tender
“ and most affectionate parent. The
“ necessary duties being paid to her mo-
“ ther, and the funeral obsequies over,
“ Prudence suggested to Miss William-
“ son that it would be very improper for
“ her to receive my visits as before, and
“ the

“ the house was too lonely for her to re-
“ main in by herself. I felt the force of
“ her arguments too strongly to give them
“ any opposition, although I was wild
“ at the thoughts of our separation. In
“ the end she came to town to reside
“ with a sister of her mother’s; and this
“ I had persuaded her to as the busi-
“ tle of the metropolis was the most
“ likely to dissipate her grief, and know-
“ ing beside that I should soon follow
“ her, as the season was approaching on
“ which our family would of course
“ leave the country.

“ In this situation, however, she was
“ doom’d not to continue, for on her
“ arrival in town she found her aunt in
“ an indifferent state of health, and very
“ shortly after had to lament the loss of
“ her also—upon this she removed to
“ where you lately saw her in St. Alban’s-
“ Street.

“ On

“ On coming to London I had visit-
“ ed her, and continued constantly to
“ do so until this last misfortune hap-
“ pened, when I could not help feeling
“ for her situation, and beholding her
“ without a relation in the world, as
“ defenseless and unfriended.

“ Hitherto I had dreaded to resolve
“ even myself with respect to my inten-
“ tions, but now every other consider-
“ ation vanished and I resolved to give
“ myself a right to protect her.

“ It however, required some manage-
“ ment to break my intentions to her,
“ as I could not do it in that open and
“ honourable manner I could wish—
“ With as much delicacy as was in my
“ power I hinted at her unprotected situ-
“ ation and proposed a private marriage,
“ explaining the disposition of Lord
“ Clareville and my dependance on him
“ as the sole motive for my wishing to
“ keep it for one moment a secret—this
“ pro-

“ proposition she for some time refused,
“ not she said from any doubts of my
“ honour or want of affection, but mere-
“ ly that she could not consent my at-
“ tachment for her should involve me
“ in a disagreement with my father—
“ These objections were sufficient in-
“ ducements for me to persevere until I
“ obtained her consent—and a very few
“ days after we were married.

“ Thus being secure of the girl of my
“ heart, and empowered with a right to
“ protect that virtue which was left with-
“ out a friend or connection, I went on
“ for some time in perfect happiness—
“ Apprehension, however, soon stole in
“ upon me, and whenever I was alone,
“ I could not avoid an involuntary sigh
“ at the dread of a discovery and the
“ uneasiness it would possibly involve us
“ with my father whenever it came to
“ his knowledge ; her presence would
“ nevertheless dispel my fears if she hap-
“ pened

“ pened to approach even in those
“ moments of reflection.

“ To continue living in this manner
“ is impossible, I cannot help feeling it
“ as a meanness in myself to be thus
“ daily in the habits of deceit and a
“ disgrace to my family that the wife
“ of Lord Clareville’s son should live in
“ concealment ; I am therefore deter-
“ mined his Lordship shall be informed
“ of my marriage ; I have little hopes
“ of his forgiveness, at first at least ; time
“ may work in my behalf, and since it
“ must be known, why the sooner it is
“ so the better. And now, my dear
“ Frederick, this brings me to a part I
“ would gladly, if possible avoid ; but
“ will you pardon my wanting to make
“ you a party in my difficulties, by re-
“ questing you to undertake the task of
“ informing my father of my union.
“ The task I know is a very unpleasant
“ one, but I have no one else from whose
“ inter-

“ interference I could so much hope for
“ success—was I to acquaint Lord Wal-
“ ton with it, he would either treat me
“ with the hauteur of an elder brother,
“ or ridicule me for my folly—it is you,
“ therefore, and only you, on whom I
“ can place any dependance; and from
“ the friendship of Frederick I expect
“ he wou’d do much to serve me.

“ Nor shall you be disappointed, (re-
“ plied Frederick) I will wait upon his
“ Lordship whenever you think proper
“ and sincerely hope I shall find him as
“ willing to ratify your happiness, as
“ I am ready to wish it may never meet
“ with any interruption.—When would
“ you that I should desire this interview
“ with him?”

“ As soon as possible.”

“ I think we had better take a day or
“ two to consider the best mode of at-
“ tack, and not risk a defeat by too
“ much precipitation.”

“ Certainly, though I have but little
“ expectation of your being able to pro-
“ cure a pardon for an offence which I
“ had almost said I glory in having com-
“ mitted.”

After Clareville had finished this nar-
ration they turned their steps homeward
to Berkley-square.

They found Lady Augusta and Lady
Matilda in deep conversation.

“ Oh! I am glad you are come, (said
“ Lady Matilda) we are going to the
“ Masquerade at the Pantheon to-mor-
“ row evening, and want both of you for
“ escorts, for Walton has absolutely re-
“ fused us.”

“ We will do ourselves that pleasure,”
replied Clareville and Frederick.

This was an amusement of which our
hero had never partaken, and therefore
he promised himself much entertainment
from it.—After fixing the time for setting
out

out he took his leave in order to provide himself with a domino.

I At the appointed time he waited on the ladies, but found Lady Matilda in great distress, for her sister was taken suddenly ill, and Lady Clareville she knew would not consent to her going without her.

Charles merely went out of compliment to his sisters, and of course felt no disappointment, nor took much pains to get over the difficulty; and it was out of Frederick's power to propose any expedient to assist Lady Matilda.

At length, starting up, she exclaimed in a transport "I'll go and persuade Miss Osmond to go with me, and then I am sure my Lady will have no objection"—away she flew, and presently after returned with her mother's permission.

Ring the bell, she desired Miss Osmond might attend her.—Frederick experienced the greatest palpitations at the idea of escorting Miss Osmond, which

he could hardly conceal from the penetrating eye of Lady Matilda, and which he could not have done had she not been engrossed with the thoughts of the Masquerade.

With much grace Miss Osmond entered the room, but when Frederick struck her sight, a deep blush overspread her cheeks, and with a faltering voice, she requested to be informed of Lady Matilda's pleasure.

"Oh, you know, Miss Osmond, my sister Augusta is so ill, that she cannot accompany me to the Masquerade; you must therefore go in her stead."

"I! madam," exclaimed Miss Osmond.

"Yes! I told my Lady you was willing, and she has consented; you'll surely not refuse me—my sisters domino will fit you, but make haste, you need not make any alteration in your dress."

Miss Osmond curtsied and withdrew.

Clareville

Clareville had observed his friend's emotions at the sight of Miss Osmond, and her blushes at beholding him, he therefore threw a very significant glance at Frederick, as if he would congratulate him on the fortunate event.

Frederick understood his friend's meaning, but said nothing—Miss Osmond soon appeared—her Domino was exactly like Lady Matilda's, but Frederick depended on his penetration, as he meant to seize any opportunity that offered to clear up what had passed in the Park, and thought he should easily discover the one from the other.

Clareville taking the hand of his sister, and Frederick that of Miss Osmond, they stepped into the carriage, and drove to the Pantheon,

Frederick was highly delighted with the novelty and beauty of the scene, nor was that in the least to be wondered at, as the decorations of the place, and the

manners of the frequenters of those amusements are merely calculated to inflame the passions, and seduce the unwary into the paths of infamy; — Frederick saw a number of young men of fashion, enjoying the sports of the place, but not one of them engaged with a female of reputation; courtesans, to whom nature had been liberal in their formation engrossed their attention, and notwithstanding our hero was in company with the woman he adored, he blushed at the idea of being known in such a place, with such a party.

After walking about a considerable time, the crowd occasioned a separation, leaving Frederick with one of the ladies, whom he had no doubt was Miss Osmond — as he had fixed his mind the whole night upon endeavouring to engage her alone, this was an opportunity he rejoiced at having occurred, and fearful they might be interrupted by meeting with their party

party again before he had come to an explanation, he resolved not to lose a moment, but instantly began by addressing her:—

“Why did Miss Osmond do me the
“injustice to suppose I meant to offer any
“insult to her in the Park? be assured,
“it was the farthest thing from my
“intentions; I meant to offer my person,
“my fortune to her, and to intreat her
“acceptance of my hand, and of my affection—
“Why then did she so abruptly
“leave me? had my conduct ever given
“her reason to suspect my veracity? the
“soul of Arley would scorn to offer insult
“to any one; but to Miss Osmond,
“impossible!—let me intreat you not to
“let this scene of gaiety induce you to
“place the sincerest sentiments of my
“heart to the account of unmeaning gallantry,
“for be assured, that I am too
“little acquainted with deceit to let my
“tongue utter what my heart disapproves,

“and too much interested in obtaining
“your favourable opinion to hazard the
“loss of it by idle asseverations.”

Frederick anxiously waited for an answer, but to his utter astonishment Miss Osmond remained silent, nor could he get one word from her before they again met Clareville and Lady Matilda—the ladies instantly joined and walked together as they had done previous to the separation taking place; and soon after the supper-rooms being thrown open they proceeded to one of the tables, more to observe the conduct of the company, than to partake of what was provided.

At supper Lady Matilda appeared exceedingly out of spirits, and at an early hour she expressed herself to be tired of the place, and upon which, as soon as their carriage could be got up they returned to Berkley-Square, where the ladies were sat down, and Frederick proceeded to Pall Mall.—In his way thither,
he

he ruminated upon the conduct of Miss Osmond in having preserved a total silence to all he had uttered, and at length concluded that his passion was disagreeable to her—"But why, said he, should she maintain so persecuting a silence; why not tell me she could not look upon me with a favorable eye? but, perhaps she loves another—it must be so! and her silence was occasioned by feeling a confusion at making the confession! —yet why should she be so reserved? why not ease me of my suspense? for it is plain her heart is another's."

Such were his agonizing thoughts when the carriage stopped, and he was sat down at his apartments in Pall Mall.

CHAPTER XXIII.

An UNEXPECTED ATTACK.

THE perplexities of his own affairs were not sufficient to prevent Frederick from being equally strenuous in the cause of his friend, and assiduous to put his promise in practice—Sleep was an entire stranger to his pillow and *silence*, that is Miss Osmond's silence, disturbed his repose—Late therefore as it was when he went to bed he nevertheless arose at his usual hour, and soon after proceeded to St. Alban's-Street for the purpose of consulting Clareville upon the office he had undertaken.

Charles

Charles had been but a very few minutes himself with Louisa when Arley came in—"Why, how now, Frederick, (said he) what has brought you out thus early, after your last night's ramble?—surely nothing has happened— You have heard no ill news; Miss Osmond is well, I hope!"

Thus taken by surprise with the mention of Miss Osmond's name he stood confounded, unable to make any answer; until Charles with an arch look repeated his enquiry, when more confused by the manner of its being put, he replied, at the same time scarcely knowing what he said:

"I hope so too."

"Come, come, Frederick, you pretend ignorance with so bad a grace that you had better confess at once; here are none but friends, and you may rely on our secrecy."

"In what?"

“ In what!—well, that is a very shrewd
“ question and put in an excellent tone,
“ and with a tolerable countenance—
“ and since you really dont know what
“ I mean I’ll tell you—Perhaps you
“ have seen a young lady of the name
“ Osmond, and may know such a per-
“ son as Mr. Arley; the former of whom
“ has inspired such a partiality in the
“ the breast of the latter that they are
“ never together without its being visi-
“ ble to the whole company present—
“ Now I am very ready to admit that
“ Miss Osmond is a very amiable girl,
“ but——”

“ But what?” interrupted Frederick
hastily.

“ Why I dont think she is blind to the
“ perfections of my friend.”

Frederick’s countenance enlivened at
the idea Clareville’s words suggested to
his mind, and he was now willing to
listen to all that he would say.

“ But

“ But (continued Charles) a truce to
“ raillery. Miss Osmond is certainly a
“ most amiable young lady—her man-
“ ners are gentle and her understanding
“ superior to most of her sex—the
“ want of fortune will not, I know, be
“ an object to Frederick, his soul de-
“ spises interested motives, and the mis-
“ fortunes of her family having reduced
“ her to submit to a dependant situation
“ has rather added to than diminished her
“ attractions, by shewing she possesses a
“ sweetness of disposition that must in-
“ sure happiness to whoever is honoured
“ with her hand.”

This panegyric of Clareville's, so ac-
cordant with his own sentiments, fully re-
covered Frederick from the confusion
the sudden attack had thrown him into,
and he replied,

“ I confess, Charles, Miss Osmond is
“ a lady whom I highly esteem.”

“ And love?” said Louisa.

“ Aye,

“ Aye, that is exactly the case, (re-
“ joined Clareville) and now the whole
“ secret is out, and we shall soon have
“ you a Benedict as well as myself—
“ that you may be as happy a one I fin-
“ cerely wish—more so you cannot be,
“ notwithstanding I have a father who
“ may possibly endeavour to interrupt
“ it.”

“ To consider the most effectual way
“ to prevent which was the cause of my
“ present visit—you must give me in-
“ structions in what manner I must act,
“ and I will succeed for you if a strict
“ adherence to them can do it.”

Charles then more fully explained the disposition of his father, which was haughty in the extreme, and prepared Frederick against being surprised at an insulting reception, as such a thing was not in the least improbable, if he should happen to take up this marriage as an insult to his dignity.

After

After a long consultation upon the matter it was in the end determined that Arley should wait upon his Lordship the next morning, and that he should endeavour to prevail on Lady Clareville to be present when he opened the business, as Charles was a favourite of his mother's and he placed great hopes upon her interference.

Louisa wished the information to be longer postponed, for she was too desirous of her Clareville's being forgiven by his parents not to dread the contrary; but he was determined either to give up all for his wife, or have her acknowledged as such. They equally wished for Lord Clareville's pardon though from different motives; he, that his Louisa might move in that circle she was meant to adorn; and she, that her Clareville might not be render'd uneasy by his parents displeasure for an attachment to her.

The

The whole business being settled, Frederick was about to take his leave, when they insisted upon his returning to dinner; he consented, and returned at the hour appointed. After dinner they proposed a little concert; Louisa sat down to the harpsichord, of which she was perfect mistress, and they accompanied her, Arley on a flute and Clareville with a violin. In this manner they amused themselves for some time; during which Louisa sung several airs, and at length turned to that of Miss Alton's in the Heiress—she began to sing, and Arley would gladly have continued his accompaniments but he attempted it in vain; the well-known air drew to his fond remembrance the first moment he had heard Miss Osmond and all his thoughts were dissolved in love. They were amazed at his being all at once so much out of tune—finding himself noticed and incapable of proceeding he laid down the
flute

flute and begged they would go on without him.

“ I'll be hang'd (said Charles) looking archly at him) if that said Miss Osmond is not at this moment endeavouring to disturb our harmony.”

Arley acknowledged the charge, and upon Mrs. Clareville's requesting to know what had brought the lady so forcibly into his mind, he related the whole circumstance as it happened on the first day of his going to dine in Berkley-Square, and freely confessed the sentiments she had in the first moments inspired him with—that to obtain her esteem would be the height of his ambition; and to marry her the summit of his wishes.

“ And upon my soul, Frederick (said Clareville) much as I esteem you, excepting the deficiency of fortune, I think she is really deserving of you—I have known her some time, and my sisters in many instances have given
“ me

“ me reason to be convinced of the
“ sweetness of her disposition—may you,
“ Arley, be enabled to inspire her with
“ an equal affection, and may she bring
“ you as much happiness as my Louisa
“ has brought to me.”

Louisa looked delighted at Clareville's compliment, and Frederick's eyes sufficiently told the interest he had in every thing relative to Miss Osmond.

After spending a most delightful evening Frederick returned home very much pleased with his friend's happiness, more in love than ever, and consequently more uneasy at her recent silence, lest it should have proceeded from a disapprobation of his passion.

CHAPTER XXIV.

An Interview.

THE next morning, agreeable to his promise, Frederick proceeded to Berkley-Square, and in order to prevent a disappointment by Lord Clareville's being out, he went at an early hour—When he arrived at the house, at his particular desire he was announced to her Ladyship, who was sitting at Breakfast with Lady Matilda: on his entry, they expressed a degree of surprise at seeing him so soon in the day.

“ I am come, madam, (said he) to request a favour; nay, and I might say

“ two

“two, and I hope you will not refuse
“me either.”

“It is necessary, replied Lady Clare-
“ville, I should know their tenor, before
“I give any kind of promise; as by
“your manner they appear to be of
“importance.”

“They are so, madam, to me, as they
“relate to part of *your* family.

“I hope you are not come to take any
“of them away? (said her Ladyship smil-
“ling) and yet Matilda, by Mr. Arley’s
“looks, should one not almost suspect that
“to be the case.”

Lady Matilda blushed—she doubted
not but that was really his errand, for
it was to her he had made his protestations
of love at the masquerade.

“Why certainly, madam, my business
“does in some measure tend to a sepa-
“ration, and I must first beg——

“You will excuse *me*,” interrupted
Lady Matilda, rising and going out of
the

the room ready to burst with jealousy and vexation, and not able to hear him declare his attachment to Miss Osmond, which she concluded he was about to do.

Lady Matilda being gone, Frederick proceeded—"I must first beg your Ladyship will endeavour to procure me a few moments audience with Lord Clareville, -and that you will do me the honour of being present while I relate my business."

"Business with Lord Clareville!" rejoined her Ladyship with visible surprise, knowing that his Lordship had never been more than barely civil to Mr. Arley, and which indeed he was not to any one who was deficient in a title.

At his request, however, she went to Lord Clareville's study, where he was engaged in writing.

"Mr. Arley, my Lord, wishes to have a few moments conversation with you."

"With

“With me, (exclaimed his Lordship)
“what can Mr. Arley want with me.”

“Of that I am a stranger; but he begs
“you will indulge him, as it is of im-
“portance.”

“Well, well; let him come here, and
“then I shall hear what he has to say.”

Frederick being admitted to his Lord-
ship, and almost before the necessary
compliments were passed; Lord Clareville
proceeded to the point, by saying——

“Mr. Arley, her Ladyship says you
“have some business with me; what
“is it?”

“I confess, my Lord, the commission
“I have to execute, is by no means an
“agreeable one, but the friendship, the
“respect I have for your son, makes me
“undertake it.”

“What of our son?” exclaimed Lady
Clareville.

“I beg you will not be alarmed, he
“is well.”

The

The haughty countenance of Lord Clareville was softened.

"He is not engaged in any quarrel, Mr. Arley."

"No, my Lord."

"Nor yet been tempted to the gaming table."

"Neither, my Lord."

"What is it then?"

"I will inform you immediately; but ere I do so, let me entreat your Lordship will make some allowance for the inconsiderateness of youth, and do me the credit to believe he will be miserable if you do not pardon his misconduct."

"Well, Sir, do be so obliging to let me know what it is?"

"Your son, Mr. Charles Clareville:"

"The HONOURABLE Mr. Charles Clareville," interrupted his Lordship.

Frederick bowed and proceeded —

"Your son, my Lord, without paying that

“ that respect which was certainly due to
“ so worthy a parent as your Lordship,
“ has given way to a passion that he con-
“ ceived for a young lady, (certainly of
“ a most amiable person,) and without
“ considering the consequence of your’s
“ and my Lady’s displeasure, by taking so
“ unadvised a step, is married to her.”

“ Married!” exclaimed Lord and Lady
Clareville in a breath.

“ He is.”

“ To whom? (replied his Lordship) of
“ what family is she? Charles has not I
“ hope been so lost to shame, as to de-
“ grade his ancestors, by uniting the
“ ancient and honorable House of Clare-
“ ville with a race of plebeians.

“ The young lady’s parents were gen-
“ teel, but I understand not persons of
“ rank.”

“ Then I discard him from my sight
“ for ever, (exclaimed Lord Clareville,
“ with anger) and since he has chose to
“ disgrace

“himself by marrying among beggars,
“he may starve for any thing I care, for
“never will I give him a single shilling.”

“I apprehend, my Lord, that could
“he but obtain your Lordship’s forgive-
“ness, he would be perfectly satisfied,
“as the lady’s fortune will prevent their
“becoming burthen some.”

“It is well for them it is so; for I dis-
“own, disclaim him; and you may tell
“him, Sir, I never desire to see or hear
“from him again, and that I never will
“forgive him as long as I live.”

“O, say not so, my Lord, (said Lady
“Clareville, wiping the tears from her
“eyes) let me intercede so far in his be-
“half as to beg you will not be so hasty
“in your determinations.—Consider that
“Charles, however he may have forfeit-
“ed his duty in this instance, ’till now,
“of all our children, has ever proved
“himself the most ready to obey your

"pleasure, and to me the most affectionate child!"

"Your Ladyship pleads in vain, he

"has disgraced his birth, his ancestors;

"my resolution is fixed, and I forbid

"you to say another word in his favour.

"Tell him, from me, Mr. Arley, that I

"consider him no more as my son, but

"as a stranger to my blood and fortune,

"and from this moment renounce all con-

"nection with him for ever."

Taking up his hat, and making a slight

bow to Frederick, his Lordship immedi-

ately left the room.

"Poor Charles! (said her Ladyship)

"how could he be guilty of such an im-

"prudent step."

"To be happy, madam, not, indeed

"considering the approbation of his pa-

"rents was necessary to ensure it."

"And is he so, Mr. Arley?"

"I think he would be so in the extreme

"if he could obtain his Lordship's and

"your

“your forgiveness; therefore, your
“Ladyship will not I hope withhold
“your’s, but look over this his neglect of
“duty, and pardon his errors.”

“Pray Mr. Arley, who is it that he
“has married, and what kind of person
“is she?”

This was a question Frederick was well
pleased in having put, as it gave him an
opportunity to expatiate on Louisa’s me-
rits, which he did in a stile and manner,
that was equal to the highest panegyric,
notwithstanding he preserved the appear-
ance of truth, and did her no more than
justice.

“You paint the lady in very charming
“colours, Mr. Arley, (said her Lady-
“ship when he had concluded) but I
“must make some allowance for the fer-
“vency of friendship; I rejoice how-
“ever, that he is happy—Poor Charles!
“tell him that his mother’s love is still
“the same, and that he has my best

“ wishes that he may not be disappointed
“ in his prospect of happiness, though I
“ dare not incur Lord Clareville’s dis-
“ pleasure by seeing them at present;
“ you, Mr. Arley, will still favour us by
“ calling as usual, we shall be always
“ happy at the honour of your com-
“ pany; and from you I shall have an
“ opportunity of hearing from Charles,
“ and communicating to him the intelli-
“ gence should I at any time be enabled
“ to effect a reconciliation between him
“ and his Lordship.”

Frederick bowed, and promised to do himself that honour, and then taking his leave, bent his steps to St. Alban’s-Street, much chagrined at the failure of his embassy—he found Charles and his wife rather impatiently waiting for him; it was an important business to them, from the motives we have before assigned; his arrival, therefore, being likely to put them out of suspense, they received him with

with pleasure; and Clareville shewed his impatience by almost instantly accosting him with

“Well, Frederick, what success have you had? but you need not tell me, as I read my father’s answer by your preparation to reply to my question—oh, I see it in your silence.”

Frederick could not disguise the fact, nor was it at all requisite he should, as no good could arise from so doing; he therefore related to them all that had passed, and concluded with giving it as his opinion, that her Ladyship’s kindness might give them a gleam of hope, as time and her interference might overcome his lordship’s resolution.

Although Charles had expected no better success from Arley’s visit, yet he could not avoid appearing somewhat chagrined at the certainty of it; which being perceived by Louisa, she went up to him, and begged in the most bewitch-

ing manner that he would not be in the smallest degree uneasy on her account, for although Lord Clareville's countenance and forgiveness would have been flattering on her own, and pleasing on his account, yet she wished not for grandeur; they had fully sufficient to support them, and she should be perfectly happy if she could but render her Clareville so.

"Come then my amiable Louisa, (exclaimed he, fondly embracing her) we will be contented; yes, we will be happy in ourselves, nor pant for idle parade, nor the gaudy superfluities of life; those are luxuries I am not displeased to want, as my Louisa can be happy without them."

A look of affection from her plainly expressed that in him all her happiness was concentrated.

The heart of Frederick was so full of love, that he participated in their felicity,
and

and thought that even so could he live with his adorable Miss Osmond—but then Louisa loved Clareville, and perhaps Miss Osmond despised Arley.

This reflection ran like a poison to his heart—he felt he should soon be very bad company—he wanted to be alone—and therefore not to disturb the tranquility of those he esteemed, he left them to indulge his thoughts, and ruminate upon the means of rendering himself agreeable to the object of his affection.

CHAPTER XXV.

An INSINUATION.

UPON their return from the masquerade Lady Matilda instantly retired to her own room without saying a single word to Miss Osmond—the discovery which Arley, by mistaking her person, had made of his passion filled her with rage and vexation ; she had wished to be the object of his choice, and disappointment immediately changed her partiality into hatred, and she resolved upon revenge—It gave her, however, some satisfaction that, according to his own account, Miss Osmond had not as yet listened to his addresses, or if she had, his declaration

declaration plainly implied she entertained suspicions of the honour of his intentions—to have made her his mistress appeared nothing extraordinary to Lady Matilda, but how Arley, with his person and fortune, could think of throwing himself away upon a needy dependant, for he declared his desire was to marry puzzled her exceedingly—To prevent which she was determined if possible, and the means to do so engrossed all her thoughts—she went to bed but her chagrine and the design she had in view prevented her from taking any rest—a thousand expedients started into her mind, yet before she could resolve upon any one some difficulty would arise to shew the impracticability of putting it into execution—She must either effect her purpose or lose Arley—this was a position no sophistry could surmount—there was no way so effectual as getting rid of Miss Osmond, and this, when she arose in the

morning, she was determined to do by any means, or in any manner—so true it is that Love bears sovereign sway over the human breast, and inspires its victims to actions that Virtue cannot defend nor Prudence justify.

When Lady Matilda came down in the morning they were all retired from breakfast but Lord Walton—the moment she sat her eyes upon him the thought struck her that he would be an excellent instrument to accomplish her design—he was an avowed man of gallantry, or in more proper words, one who gloried in trampling upon female innocence, and laugh'd at the ruin and misery brought on by seduction.

The disposition of Lord Walton was well known to his sister—he had often laugh'd with her at the easy belief of the sex, and therefore it was no difficult matter to make his gallantry a topic of conversation—this done, and having mentioned

tioned several ladies, Matilda asked him what he thought of Miss Osmond.

"A devilish fine girl, indeed! (replied his Lordship) But she is most
"curfed cold—I never said a civil thing
"to her in my life but she put on a look
"enough to freeze one, and almost put
"even my assurance out of counte-
"nance."

"Poor creature! and so by playing
"off a few airs of coquetry she per-
"suaded you into the belief of her be-
"ing a prude."

"Faith I confess it."

"And that's your boasted knowledge
"of the sex is it—oh, you are a poor
"creature after all!"

"Why what the devil do you mean,
"Matilda? Does she not always appear
"coy and reserve, and talk confounded-
"ly sober and sentimental."

"Granted—before my lady."

H 6

"No,

“ No, no ; but I have tried her alone,
“ and always found her to be just the
“ same.”

“ That is, because like a pretended
“ knight-errant, you yielded the palm
“ of victory to the bravado of your an-
“ tagonist without venturing to try her
“ courage.”

“ Say you so, my mad-cap sister?—
“ why then the next time I can get her
“ by herself I’ll put her courage a little
“ to the proof.”

“ For shame, Walton, how you talk !
“ Consider what my lady would say
“ should you do any thing improper to
“ the poor girl.”

“ Nothing improper, you may depend
“ upon it ;—only talk a little love to her,
“ or so ; and if I can persuade her to
“ prefer my protection to that of her
“ ladyship’s, why she shall have it, that’s
“ all.”

“ You

“ You may just as well spare yourself
“ the trouble, as you are now positively
“ too late.”

“ How do you mean too late ?”

“ Why that Arley will carry her off
“ before you.”

“ You are not in earnest, sure ?”

“ If from appearances, and I only
“ judge by them, conclusions can be
“ drawn, why then in my opinion you
“ will find it true—But hear and judge
“ for yourself—without entering into
“ any particulars of what I had observed
“ before I shall confine myself to last
“ night ; Augusta not being able go to
“ the Masquerade, purely out of good
“ nature I took Osmond with me—I na-
“ turally thought Mr. Arley’s politeness
“ would have induced him to pay me
“ some little attention and left Charles
“ to have escorted her, but scarce had
“ we got into the Pantheon when he
“ pinn’d himself, as it were, by her side.

“ I soon

“ I soon perceived he wished to engage
“ her by himself, and they very shortly
“ took an opportunity of being separated
“ from us—how long they were absent
“ I cannot pretend to say, but when we
“ met with them again she was hanging
“ very fondly upon his arm and conversing with as much familiarity as
“ any persons in the place, and all the
“ night afterwards he did every thing
“ but make downright love to her—she
“ was all gaiety and spirits, and by her
“ manner clearly evinced the pleasure
“ she took in his attention.”

“ Egad this does smell something like
“ an intrigue—Arley cannot be such a
“ fool as to offer her marriage; that’s
“ out of the question—he has certainly
“ offered her other terms and she is
“ willing to accept of them—why what
“ a blockhead must I have been to let
“ a fellow come and snap up the game
“ upon my own manor—She is a very
“ fine

“fine girl, and by — No, he shan’t
“have her.”

“And how will you prevent him, my
“pretty brother?”

“Why carry her away myself.”

“O, to be sure!—Now I was think-
“ing to save the poor creature by ac-
“quainting my Lady with it.”

“No, no; Matilda, don’t be so cursed
“spiteful; for I should never stand any
“chance afterwards—She was made for
“love, and why should you attempt to
“pervert the cause of her creation!”

“You are a rattle-brained creature,
“and I should certainly do so even up-
“on your account if I believed one
“half you said.”

So saying she left him to ruminate on
the hints she had given and the insinua-
tions she had so artfully thrown out; she
was not a little pleased at the effects they
seemed to have upon him, and most sin-
cerely hoped that he would put his de-
termination

termination into execution, without feeling the smallest compunction at having by falsehood laid a snare to entrap the virtue of unsuspecting innocence.

Lord Walton revolved in his mind, when his sister was gone, what she had said—he did not suppose she had told him false, and every circumstance appeared probable—He had long look'd upon her with eyes of admiration, but her strict modesty had always check'd his loose ideas—that modesty he now concluded was assumed, and having, at that time, no other female's ruin in view, he very *humanely* mark'd down her happiness as worthy his trouble of destroying for ever.

CHAPTER XXVI.

A FRACAS.

LORD WALTON's love was not of the patient kind—fired with the idea of a new mistress, and the pleasure of outwitting a rival, he was determined to proceed with more than common ardour; without wasting time, therefore, in persuading her to her own undoing, he vowed the first opportunity that presented itself, and seemed favourable, to carry her off, and if he could but get her in his power, he had too good an opinion of himself, and too contemptible a one of woman-kind to doubt of success.

In

In the mean time he resolved to cultivate an intimacy with Frederick, that he might detach him, in some measure, from Miss Osmond by other pursuits, and by introducing him to his acquaintance, male as well as female.

Having hitherto so totally neglected him, this was not to be instantly effected; and the only way he now had to get into his company was to watch his coming to Berkley-Square. Although home had been almost the last place to seek for Lord Walton with any chance of meeting him, and insipid as he considered it to be there, yet to answer his present intentions, he was resolved to turn domestic.— All that day he waited in vain, no Frederick came, and Miss Osmond never quitted her ladyship.

The next morning Lady Matilda informed him that Arley was there; although she did not exactly assign her reason for quitting the room and leaving him

him with Lady Clareville, yet by many artful insinuations she fully convinced Walton that no time was to be lost.

Arley's sudden departure, after his interview with his Lordship, prevented Walton from putting his plan in practice—Two or three days passed on with his meeting no better success: when, at length, Frederick calling to pay his respects to Lady Clareville, and her Ladyship being just then engaged, Walton obtained the opportunity he had been waiting for.

The usual compliments being passed between them, Lord Walton lamented that his avocations had prevented him from endeavouring to cultivate that intimacy which he so much wished; he, however, begged that Frederick would not consider this, perhaps, seeming neglect as really so, but that he would honour him with his acquaintance—Frederick assured him nothing could give him

him greater pleasure ; and this introduction ended with Walton's inviting him to spend the evening at the St. James's Hotel with a party of his friends.

Frederick much pleased with the respect paid him by Lord Walton, accepted the invitation.

Determined that Frederick should have no chance of speaking to Miss Osmond, Walton never left him ; and at last to get him away proposed a ride in Hyde Park. Arley consented—it was necessary to make some little alteration in his dress, and for that purpose his lordship accompanied him to Pall Mall.

About four o'clock they returned, and to Frederick's inexpressible surprise Lord Walton in the course of their ride, invited himself to dine and spend the day with Frederick, till the hour he had promised to meet his friends at the Hotel.

The

The freedom of Lord Walton's manner, and the agreeableness of his conversation, induced Frederick to regret that he had not sooner cultivated an acquaintance with his Lordship—the excess of civility shewn him at present, (not knowing the real occasion of it) he placed to sincerity, and returned it accordingly.

At the appointed time they adjourned to the Hotel, where Frederick was introduced to several young men of family and fashion.—After the first compliments were passed all reserve was banished, they entered into the true spirit of conviviality, and plenty of Claret and Burgundy being placed on the table, they proceeded to spend a jovial evening—The conversation at first was moderate, and turned upon the general topics, but, as the glass began to circulate pretty briskly they became more open, and exchanged their wit upon each other with

with the utmost good humour, to the no small amusement of Frederick, who congratulated himself upon his introduction to this scene of hilarity, although he plainly perceived by their manner, they meant to drink hard, and did not intend to separate early.

Arley had ever held that vice drunkenness in the utmost abhorrence, but it has been before observed that he had not fortitude to refuse when prest hard, and that he never could resist the Force of Example ; therefore in this instance as he had recently done in gaming, he resolved to follow the inclination of the company, fully determined, should he ever be with them again, to find some expedient to excuse himself from drinking at equal pace with them.

The more the wine began to operate the less entertaining was their mirth—and the less able they were to drink the more they were inclined—Noise and confusion

sion were now substituted in the place of mirth and harmony, and nothing could procure a moment's order but the declaration of a toast—these indeed were given with an incessant rapidity, and as Reason had quitted her seat Decency was no longer a guest—Some of the sentiments were infamous in the extreme and appeared to Frederick, even in his then state to be a disgrace to those who gave them—A young nobleman at length gave one so dissonant to the inclinations of an officer present that he refused drinking of it—this occasioned an altercation, some taking one side and some the other, however it was decided by the majority of the company that he must drink it or give the gentleman satisfaction for the insult—the officer declared no man alive should make him drink a toast so opposite to his feelings; and as for satisfaction he was ready to give it to any person who demanded it—the consequence was
a chal-

a challenge was given, accepted, and the time appointed for their meeting.

Frederick had felt himself no less averse to drinking the sentiment than the officer who had refused it, and had taken a pretty warm part in defending that refusal; this was noticed by one of the company, and between whom and Arley several harsh expressions had passed during the altercation; when therefore the dispute was ended he was the more particular in observing Frederick drank it when it came to his turn—After what had passed he did not see how he could comply; besides, one man had refused because it was contrary to his feelings and why should not he? the example he thought a good one and was determined to follow it; he did so, and by so doing he was obliged to go the same lengths and suffer himself to be engaged in a *duel*—for although some of the company would have made allowance for his being

ing

ing a stranger, yet this person was determined he should drink it, or make it a serious business; he said as much; and Frederick's temper not being the most forbearing he replied with some asperity which stung his opponent to the quick; he was not slow in giving nor Frederick backward in accepting the challenge—the next morning was mentioned but the morning after fixed upon for deciding their difference.

The affair being settled and Arley perceiving the mirth of the company to be much damped he begged pardon for the share he had had in disturbing their harmony and filling up a bumper drank to the renewal of good humour and jollity.

The whole company, except the person he was engaged to fight, were much pleased with his address, and the officer on whose side he had been, with a hearty

shake by the hand, declared he was a very fine fellow.

The bustle having brought them a little to themselves, a fresh supply of wine was brought in, they sat down to it again as if nothing had happened, and it was not till a very late hour that Arley returned home to his apartments in Pall Mall, and then in a situation to require the assistance of one of his servants to get him to bed.

CHAPTER XXVII.

A PREPARATION.

AFTER a few hours sleep, Frederick awakened perfectly sober—the challenge was the first thing that occurred to his mind—he sincerely regretted his folly in suffering himself to be drawn into such a situation, but since it was so, it was necessary for him to make the best of it, and to provide against the worst, and therefore previous to any other consideration, he prepared to settle his worldly concerns.

He had no relations save his uncle and cousins, riches they had enough to them

it was unnecessary to leave his fortune—the image of Miss Osmond presented a different picture to his mind—a dependant on the will of another—with qualifications that render her worthy a better fate—the dearest object of his heart, to whom he would gladly resign every thing whilst living; and to whom then with so much propriety could he leave the bulk of his fortune should he happen to fall—Clareville had shewn himself a friend, it was now a time to acknowledge it. In this manner he drew up his will, in which, however, he did not forget his old Pensioners in the country, whose annuities he directed to be continued till death, ranking the old man and his daughter among the number—and to every one of his old servants he left an handsome present besides.

Having finished it according to his mind, he called up two of his servants, in

in whose presence he signed, and made them witness it.

He next reviewed the transactions of his life, but could not charge himself with having committed any enormities, the prospect of futurity, therefore, did not give him any uneasiness.

He recommended himself, however, to the mercy of the Almighty, and prepared himself with fortitude to meet his fate—nor let the *man of honour* smile contemptuously at the preparation of Arley, for although he was possessed of courage which nothing could daunt, he was not hardy enough to treat so solemn an affair with levity, or rush unprepared into the presence of the Almighty, without first requesting his Maker's mercy, and his pardon.

Duels he had always abhorred, but folly having led him to become a party in one, the opinion of the world ren-

dered it necessary he should not retreat but hazard his life as an atonement for his imprudence.

He would willingly have beheld Miss Osmond, have once more endeavoured to convince her of the sincerity of his affection, but he feared he should not be able to procure an audience with her alone, without making it a public request, and there were many reasons against that, circumstanced as he was at present; and to see her without such an opportunity, was more likely to add to the anxiety of his mind than relieve it; to his friend, therefore, he bent his way to acquaint him with the unlucky affair.

Clareville, concluding that Frederick's serious countenance was occasioned by some idle apprehension, began to rally him about Miss Osmond, and to paint to his imagination scenes of future bliss—Frederick sighed, shook his head, and desired to speak to him privately, this
alarmed

alarmed Clareville; they retired into the drawing room, and there Arley related the whole affair to him.

Alarmed for his friend's safety, Charles offered to go and accommodate matters, as he knew the gentleman, and it ought to be considered as nothing more than a drunken broil—to this Arley would not consent, as many words had been used, which in his opinion, at least his pride told him so, no situation could excuse—Clareville, however resolved to accompany him as his second—nor to this would Frederick have assented, fearing his friend might involve himself in some difficulties, but Clareville was peremptory.

This part of the business being adjusted, Arley told him he had still a favour to beg, and which he should think it hard to be refused; and being assured by Charles he had no such thing to apprehend, if the fulfilling of it came within

his power; he then delivered into his hand his Will, informing him that to Miss Osmond he had left something, and therefore had taken the liberty of leaving him executor, certain that from him she would receive ample justice, and in case he should end his days in this rencounter, he desired that the Will should be immediately opened in the presence of Miss Osmond, in order that his relations might (by such measures) be unprepared to give her any trouble.

Though Clareville appeared to treat the matter lightly as to the chance of his death; yet he was sensibly affected by the manner of Arley, and reflecting that although the termination of Duels was seldom fatal, yet it was not impossible but his friend might fall, he therefore again requested that he might wait upon the gentleman, and endeavour to compromise their difference; but Arley was determined, and having settled every

every thing agreeable to his wish, he became more cheerful, and spent the day with Clareville and his Louisa in the utmost spirits, leaving them, however, early in the evening, to prepare for the business of the morning.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

A DUEL.

WITH all his steadiness of temper Frederick could not compose himself to rest—the indefensible manner in which he had got engaged in this duel disturbed him more than any consequences which could arise from it—unrefreshed therefore by sleep he arose in the morning, and putting his pistols in his pocket set out for the place appointed, and where Clareville had promised to meet him.

Though he had denied himself the happiness of taking even a farewell look of Miss Osmond, his steps irresistibly led him

him to Berkley-square—he stopped opposite Lord Clareville's house, and casting his eyes towards it, his soul full of the lovely maid that resided within,

“ Amiable possessor of this heart,
“ (exclaimed he) in every accomplish-
“ ment excelling; thou seekest that re-
“ pose, which the pillow of innocence
“ always affords — unconscious of the
“ agonizing thoughts that now rend this
“ heart, at being compell'd to risk the
“ displeasure of Heaven!—thou resteth
“ serene and secure in the possession of
“ virtue: 'so may'st thou ever rest!—
“ the sweet reflection of having follow-
“ ed her dictates will cheer thee though
“ Fortune should frown, and Affliction
“ press hard upon thy footsteps!—If
“ the most sincere wishes of Arley can
“ avail thee ought thou shalt have them
“ to the last moment of his existence,
“ together with his prayers put up to the
“ heavenly throne of Grace with the

“utmost fervency for thy welfare and
“happiness.”

Having concluded this ejaculation he proceeded on his way, casting *many a longing, ling’ring look behind*, until the house no longer came within the compass of his sight.

With the sight of the house he gave up all thoughts of Miss Osmond, and went towards the Park with the utmost dispatch, lest he should exceed the time appointed, for your *men of honour* are punctual to a moment in these cases, although they disregard hours in every other transaction of life.

When he arrived at the place of rendezvous he had the *satisfaction* of finding himself first there; he was very soon joined by Clareville and a gentleman, a surgeon, whom Charles had requested to come with him, thinking it necessary to be prepared against the worst. Arley thank’d the gentleman for his attendance
and

and expressed his gratitude to Clareville for his attention ; when Captain Carlton, which was the name of Frederick's adversary, and his second coming up, the surgeon retired and they began to prepare for the contest.

The gentleman who attended Captain Carlton and Clareville were equally desirous this affair should proceed no farther, but all their endeavours to effect a reconciliation were in vain, Frederick insisting upon an apology for the words Captain Carlton had made use of, and the Captain as positively refusing to make any.

This being the case the seconds prepared to adjust the necessary preliminaries ; ten paces were fixed upon as the distance, they toss'd up for the first fire, which fell to the lot of Captain Carlton, the pistols were examined, and the parties took their ground. The Captain fired but without effect—Frederick then
discharged

discharged his pistol, the ball of which went through a corner of his adversary's hat.

A second time Captain Carlton fired, and with more effect; the ball entering Arley's side, and who dropped immediately. Clareville instantly ran up to him, the surgeon was called in, and who was fortunately enabled to extract the wound on the spot, but from the part it had entered the wound was pronounced as extremely dangerous; every exertion therefore was thought necessary to get him home with as much ease and speed as possible.

The situation of Arley for the first time drew reflection into the mind of Captain Carlton—he now saw the danger of giving way to dissipation, and the folly of being above apologizing for improper conduct when in a state of inebriety.—The others had fought, and their meeting had turned out in the same manner
those

those meetings usually do—they had fired at each other without any effect, the seconds interfered, a reconciliation took place, they shook hands and parted as good friends as ever. But here how different? he had in all probability destroyed a fellow creature, and subjected his own life to be decided upon by the laws of his country. Such were the reflections which engrossed the thoughts of Captain Carlton until his friend reminded him that it was requisite for them to take some measures for providing for their own safety.

When Clareville and the surgeon arrived with Arley in Pall Mall, they were exceedingly alarmed for him, the fatigue he suffered by the removal having occasioned a vomiting of blood and other dangerous symptoms. By the application of proper medicines they gave him some relief, and after more than two hours apprehension Clareville had the satisfaction

tion of beholding his friend drop into a gentle and refreshing slumber; in which situation he left him for a short time, fearful Louisa might be uneasy at his absence—his heart was too full of grief to conceal what had happened to Arley, nor was she less affected when he told her the dismal story.

At the time Arley met with Lord Walton at Lord Clareville's he had promised Lady Matilda to dine with them on the day the duel took place—this he had previously informed Clareville of, who considered it requisite to send an apology in Frederick's name.

The invitation had been concerted between Lady Matilda and Lord Walton, therefore when the message was delivered her ladyship was much disappointed and out of humour, for she had been at considerable pains in contriving that Miss Osmond should not appear.—Lord Walton perfectly knew how Arley had been engaged

engaged in the morning, but although it was through his introduction Frederick had got involved in the quarrel, yet his lordship had never troubled himself about it after, nor did this excuse give him the least concern, notwithstanding he might naturally suspect the cause.

Several days passing without any appearance of Arley at Berkley-Square, Lady Matilda began to grow extremely uneasy, in vain did she enquire of Walton for intelligence, as he pretended to know nothing about him; nor indeed did he give himself much trouble to enquire; he had heard among his companions that Frederick had been dangerously wounded in the contest, yet whether he was dead or alive was really more than he could tell. Charles being gone, and as she dared not call upon him, her ladyship had no other means of procuring information and was under the necessity of trusting to time to account for his absence

sence. Jealousy, the most torturing inmate that can inhabit the heart, found its way to her bosom—She watched Miss Osmond narrowly, but observed nothing in her conduct that could give displeasure, yet she hated, and studied means to render her uneasy.

In the mean time Arley's wound healed but slowly, the surgeon still pronouncing, day after day, his recovery to be very doubtful. With the utmost tenderness Clareville constantly attended him, and scarcely ever quitted his bedside from morning to night. At the expiration of a week he visibly grew better, and to his friend's satisfaction, in a few day's afterwards the surgeon declared him entirely out of danger.

From that time Frederick continued to recover very fast, and was soon enabled to sit up and converse with his friend, for Clareville still continued unremitting in his attention and determined
to

to remain so as long as Arley should be confined.

Being pretty well recovered and having regained a tolerable degree of strength, Frederick began to think of going abroad and it was settled that Charles should come and breakfast with him the next morning and that afterwards they should take an airing in his chariot. This agreed upon their conversation turn'd upon a variety of topics, in the course of which Clareville observed with a smile;

“ I fancy, Frederick, I may venture
“ to return you the deposit with which
“ you entrusted me.”

“ Not yet ; (replied Arley) let us not
“ be too secure ;—it contains so much
“ the wish of my heart, should any thing
“ happen, that my last moments would
“ be embittered if I thought there was
“ any chance of its contents not being
“ complied with—while it is in your pos-
“ session I am perfectly easy on that
“ head,

“ head, therefore, my dear Charles, let
“ it remain so ; we are not certain of a
“ moment in this life, and should my
“ days prove few in number, as you ho-
“ noured me with your friendship while
“ living so comply with my wishes when
“ dead.”

Clareville could not avoid feeling him-
self much affected by the manner in which
Arley delivered this address ; he however
assured his friend that should such a mis-
fortune happen he would fulfil the con-
tents of the epistle to the smallest iota.

At the usual hour Clareville left him
and returned home to his Louisa with
the pleasing intelligence that the next
day she would receive a visit from their
mutual friend.

CHAPTER XXIX.

A SURPRISE.

IN the morning Clareville went to Pall Mall agreeable to appointment—when he came there he was informed by the servants that their master was not yet stirring—Arley he considered as yet in too weak a state to suffer him to be disturb'd ; he therefore determined to wait patiently until he awoke of himself, for whether they took a ride that morning or the next was no matter of consequence. Twelve o'clock came, and yet no signs of Arley—Charles began to think it very strange, and when it drew towards one
he

he determined upon sending up the valet to speak to him—he did so, and the poor creature quickly returned in the utmost grief and confusion, informing Clareville that his master not speaking he pulled the curtains aside and there beheld him—dead!

“Dead!” cried Charles, in a tone of anguish, and flew up stairs to Frederick’s apartment—he drew the curtain aside with a distracted air—Arley appeared to be in a gentle slumber; the colour had not yet fled from his cheeks, his lips were not pale—Imagining they might be mistaken in their fears he felt his pulse; it beat not—the heart fluttered not—the breath—was gone!

Yet unsatisfied, not willing to credit that which he hoped to be false, some of the most eminent physicians were sent for—two of them came, and both gave it as their opinion he was gone beyond all possibility of recovery. Find-
ing

ing there was no longer any hopes, the sight of his friend, his departed friend, operated too poignantly on the feelings of Clareville for him to prevent the tears from trickling down his cheeks, and he was for some time lost in an agony of grief.

When the first emotions were over, he recollected the promise he had made to the lamented Frederick relative to Miss Osmond—but how to put it in practice he was exceedingly puzzled, for he could not think of going to his father's, nor could he send the packet to her, it being absolutely requisite that he should be present on its being opened. To send and request her to come St. Alban's-Street was the only expedient, and this he resolved to adopt—First locking up the property of his friend and giving the necessary directions to the servants, he went home with the dismal tidings to his Louisa, whom he found anxiously waiting

ing to congratulate the expected Arley ; the shock was great to her, she dropped many a tear to his revered memory, and Clareville was too much affected himself to offer her the least consolation.

He acquainted her, however, with the office he had to perform, and she approving his idea to send for Miss Osmond there, he took up a pen, and having written the following note dispatch'd a messenger with it.

‘ C. Clareville having something to
‘ communicate to Miss Osmond which
‘ concerns her nearly, he must request
‘ she will do him the favour to call on
‘ him at Mrs. Philips’s, St. Alban’s-Street,
‘ as soon after the receipt of this as she
‘ possibly can.’

The absence of Arley from Berkley-Square gave no less uneasiness to the bosom of Miss Osmond than to that of Lady Matilda—she would often charge herself with being the probable cause of
his

his flying away, and in those moments she would sigh and say to herself "Perhaps Mr. Arley really loves me!—flattering thought!—and I may have done him great injustice in suspecting that he either meant to injure or insult me."

This idea had long been familiar to her, and she persuaded herself at length that she had acted wrong when he attempted to address her.

When the messenger arrived with the note from Clareville she was alone, an unusual melancholy had stolen over her soul, and Frederick, at that instant, occupied all her thoughts—she took it, and breaking the seal, was, as may naturally be supposed, very much surprised at its contents—she could easily conceive that Clareville might possibly have something upon his own account which he wished her to communicate to his sisters, or her ladyship, but that it should "concern her

“nearly,” was beyond her conception. At first she was inclined not to pay any attention to it, but her respect for Lady Clareville, whose friendship was of the tenderest kind, had too powerful an influence over the heart of Miss Osmond, to permit her to act with any seeming neglect to any of her children—this consideration had its weight, and she obeyed the summons.

Charles, after introducing Miss Osmond to his Louisa, apologized for having given her the trouble, but which it was not in his power to avoid, having no other method of obtaining a few moments conversation with her, and he had some business of the utmost importance to impart.

Miss Osmond very politely desired he would not think of an apology as in her opinion there was none necessary, but requested he would proceed to inform
her

her what the business was in which she could be any ways concern'd.

" Mine, madam, is a melancholy office, but I am bound to fulfil it—My friend, Mr. Arley, madam, out of his particular regard to you——"

" Sir, (interrupted Miss Osmond, at the same time rising from her chair) although the obligations I am under to Lady Clareville entitle you to every degree of respect, yet I cannot consider myself bound to listen to a discourse of this nature, and which——"

" Pardon me, my dear young lady, nor be under any mistake—however my poor friend may have excited your displeasure, you have nothing now of that nature to apprehend, he will no more offend."

" Sir! Mr. Clareville! what do your words import?"

" Mr. Arley, madam, was unfortunately drawn into a quarrel; in con-

“ sequence of which he met the gentle-
“ man and was wounded.”

Miss Osmond sunk lifeless upon the chair; by the application of some salts they soon brought her to herself, and after some little time Clareville renewed the subject; but perceiving how far Miss Osmond's feelings were interested in the fate of his friend it was not but by degrees and with the utmost caution he acquainted her that Frederick Arley was now no more.

The information wrung her to the heart, and the effects might have been dreadful had not a flood of tears come to her relief.

Her tears did not flow alone, the amiable Louisa had still one left for the memory of the man who had rescued her from a brutal ravisher, nor had Clareville's grief as yet subsided for the loss of the friend whom he loved. Unlocking the bureau he took out the paper that
Arley

Arley had entrusted to his care, and approaching Miss Osmond with it :

“ This packet, madam, it was his particular request I should open in your presence” — so saying, he broke the seal, and proceeded to read it——

It was the Will of Arley, written in his own hand—he had began it with ‘recommending himself to the pardon and ‘mercy of the Almighty, and giving ‘directions to be laid in his mother’s ‘tomb—The next Item specified, that ‘to his dear, his beloved friend Charles ‘Clareville, he had left his estate in ‘Herefordshire, requesting his acceptance of it.

Clareville stopped and sighed — the pearly drops fell from Louisa’s eyes, and Miss Osmond could scarce keep herself from fainting, but summoning her fortitude, of which she had a large share, to her aid, she prepared to hear what followed.—Clareville went on——

‘ The next items were relative to his
‘ pensioners, whose annuities he directed
‘ to be continued to them till death—af-
‘ ter bequeathing presents to his domestics
‘ the whole concluded in the following
‘ words—— As a memorial of sincere
‘ affection, as a gift in a small measure,
‘ worthy of her many amiable accom-
‘ plishments and exalted virtue, I be-
‘ queath the residue of my estate, real
‘ and personal, together with my plate,
‘ furniture, carriages, horses, library,
‘ and every other article I die possessed
‘ of, to my beloved Miss Osmond and her
‘ heirs for ever.’

Nature could support the conflict no longer, this was too much; her fortitude forsook her, and she fell senseless on the floor.

Neither Louisa nor Clareville were able to render her the necessary assistance, they therefore called up Mrs. Philips, who, by the aid of drops brought her

her somewhat to herself; but again she fainted; again, and again! a flood of tears followed, and they were succeeded by a wildness of words and actions—This alarmed them extremely, as they knew not how to get her home; but finding her no better, they prevailed on Mrs. Philips to attend her to Lord Clareville's in a coach, Clareville giving her a letter to his sister Augusta, stating his meeting with Miss Osmond much indisposed, without explaining any particulars, and from whom he knew she would receive every necessary attention.

When Mrs. Philips returned, she gave a melancholy account of the young lady, whom she said had not opened her lips from the time they put her in the coach, and at Lord Clareville's they carried her up to her apartments perfectly senseless.

CHAPTER XXX.

A RECOVERY.

THE whole day did the amiable Miss Osmond remain in a state of stupefaction — Lady Clareville, who sincerely loved her, ordered every assistance to be procured and every necessary attention to be shewn her; she was no less grieved than surprised at the unaccountable circumstance, but it was in vain to make any enquiry of what had happened, for the poor girl answered nobody, knew nothing, nor uttered a single word. In the morning of the second day she began to recover from her insensibility, but with very little satisfaction to those about

about her, as she now gave symptoms of an affecting wildness, and the first words she spoke gave a proof that their suspicions were too well founded:

“ Well, (said she) they killed him!—
“ these eyes are always full of tears!—
“ how silly! for he will come again and
“ then they shall not tear him from me;
“ no! then we’ll part no more!”

Often do the actions of the insane bear the semblance of sound reason—to develop the cause is impossible. Between four and five o’clock in the afternoon the nurse having left the room, she arose and dressed herself in haste—when she had finished she stole out of doors unobserved, and proceeded with all imaginable haste to St. Alban’s-Street.

Clareville was astonished to see her and the more so upon her expressing a wish to see Mr. Arley—this she so forcibly entreated that, though much against his will, he at last consented to accompany

pany her to Pall Mall; nor did he perceive the least marks of wildness or insanity in her conduct.

When she came into the room where Frederick lay, at the sight of the coffin she shrunk back, thrill'd with horror; in a few moments, assuming a degree of courage, walked close up to it, and there with her hands clasped and her eyes fixed, she stood looking steadfastly on the body.

Clareville who had closely observed her the whole time, began now to be apprehensive for her intellects, and to seriously repent his having complied with her request. To get her away from the distressing sight he thought absolutely necessary, and approaching her for that purpose she started from the body with an heart-piercing shriek, and at the same moment a deep moan issued from the coffin—Clareville was struck with infinite astonishment, going towards the corpse with a look tinged with surprise and
terror

terror, a second moan gave him hopes of returning life.

By the convulsed motion of her hands and features it was plain insanity and returning reason were holding a strong conflict in the gentle bosom of Miss Osmond; reason prevailed—Bursting into a flood of tears she cried out, in an impassioned tone of voice; “He lives!” and fainted away.

Clareville almost bewildered with joy, amazement and confusion, scarcely knew which way to turn—His friend, his beloved friend, was not dead! some assistance was immediately requisite—turning to procure it, he there beheld poor Miss Osmond stretched upon the floor! they both wanted help, and there was no time for hesitation; taking her therefore up in his arms he carried her into the next room, summoning the housekeeper to her attendance, and the other servants to remove their master into his bed. A
physician

physician was not forgot in the bustle; one was sent for, but before he came Frederick again opened his eyes to the no small surprise and joy of his friend and domestics.

Arley looked astonished at seeing himself thus surrounded, and asked what was the reason of it, to which Clareville replied, they had been a little alarmed for his health upon account of his having slept so much longer than common, but hoped they had been mistaken in their fears; that Frederick assured him was really the case as he never felt himself better than at that moment.

While Frederick was getting up Clareville retired to see after Miss Osmond whom he found not only recovered of her fit but perfectly restored to her reason—she had a confused recollection of her recently disordered mind, as also of her coming there, and Frederick's wonderful recovery—for which event her
blushes

blushes plainly evinced the joy of her heart.

Clareville congratulated her upon the occasion, related how well he had just left Mr. Arley, and that in a few minutes she might expect to see him—the latter information threw her into the greatest confusion—to be found by Mr. Arley at his apartments seemed such a degree of confidence she could not bear to be suspected of—she therefore entreated Mr. Clareville not only to let her depart but to conceal from Mr. Arley the knowledge of her having been there.—Charles had too much sensibility in his composition to enjoy the confusion of innocence, consequently he promised to comply with her request; and as he concluded Lord Clareville's family would be much alarmed at her absence, he insisted upon her accompanying him to St. Alban's-Street, where she might consult with Louisa up-

on some excuse for her absence, and the best mode for her return.

Miss Osmond readily complied, and leaving word with the servants to tell their master he would immediately return, they sat off together—The intelligence they carried with them was joyful news to Louisa—after some little consultation it was determined that Miss Osmond should return home in a hackney coach, and that when she came there not to appear perfectly recovered, as by so doing she might, in a great measure, escape a number of enquiries, and prevent her coming out from having the appearance of any thing singular.

The plan thus settled, a coach was sent for, and Miss Osmond took her leave, but not before she had made a thousand apologies for her conduct, and Louisa had requested a continuance of that acquaintance which though strangely
began

began she should be no less desirous to cultivate.

When Miss Osmond arrived in Berkeley-Square, she found the family much alarmed for her safety; they had dispatched the servants different ways in search after her, and were very much pleased at her return—Perceiving her to be exceedingly weak, (which was by no means assumed) Lady Clareville ordered her to be instantly put to bed and kept with the utmost silence—nothing could have been more congenial to the wishes of Miss Osmond, as they gave her an opportunity to recover those spirits which had been so variously and violently agitated.

As soon as Miss Osmond set out from St. Alban's Street, Clareville returned to his friend, whom he found ready to receive him and apparently much better in health than he had left him on the evening previous to his falling into the trance.

Charles

Charles had intended to keep the circumstance from him, at least for a time, but herein he was mistaken, Arley having, by some means, came to the knowledge of it previous to his return, and began almost immediately to converse about it with the utmost ease and composure—He was however a stranger to Miss Osmond's visit, and so Clareville, at her particular request, left him, when he went away in the evening—taking also an opportunity of requiring the servants to do the same.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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